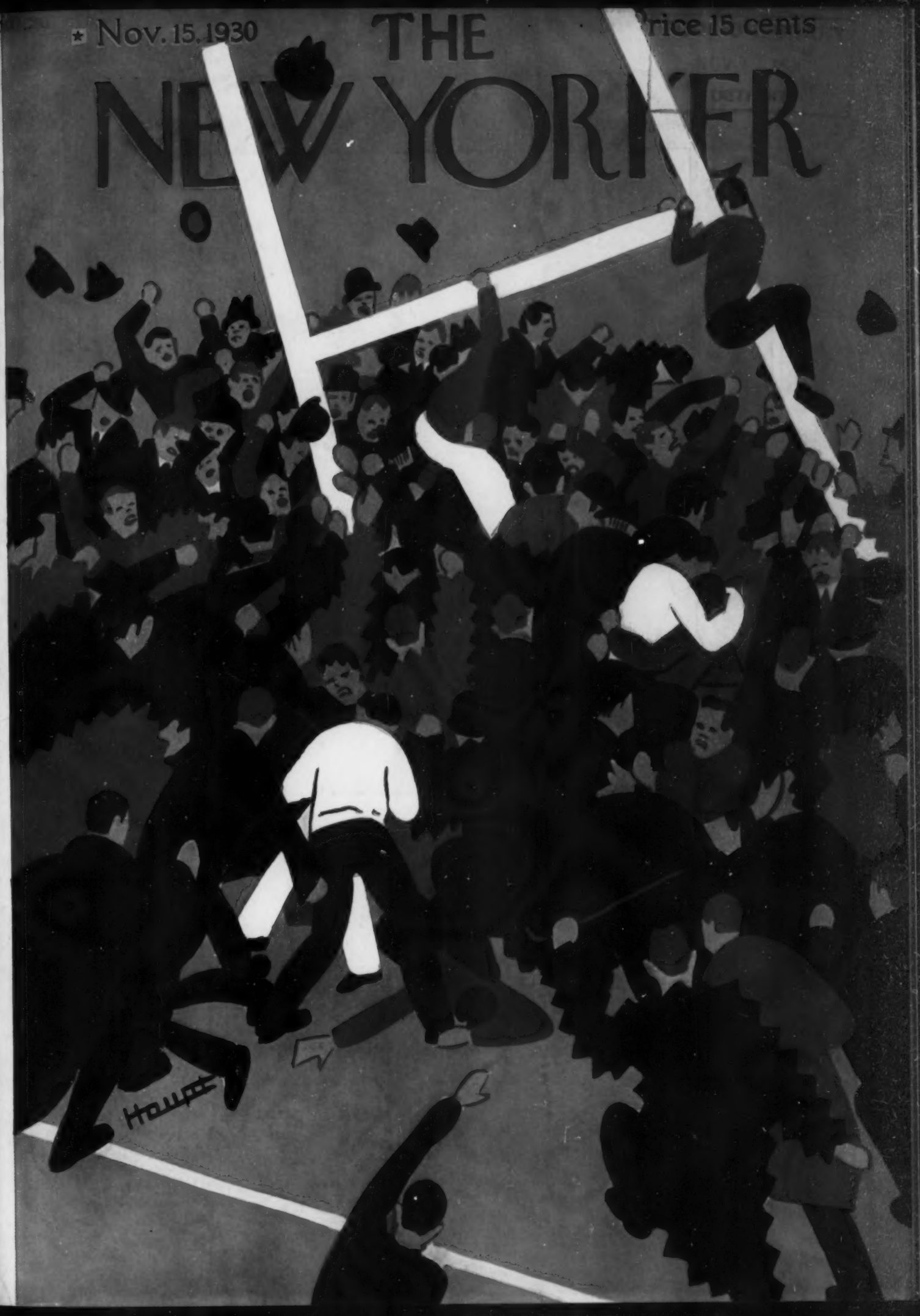
Nov. 15, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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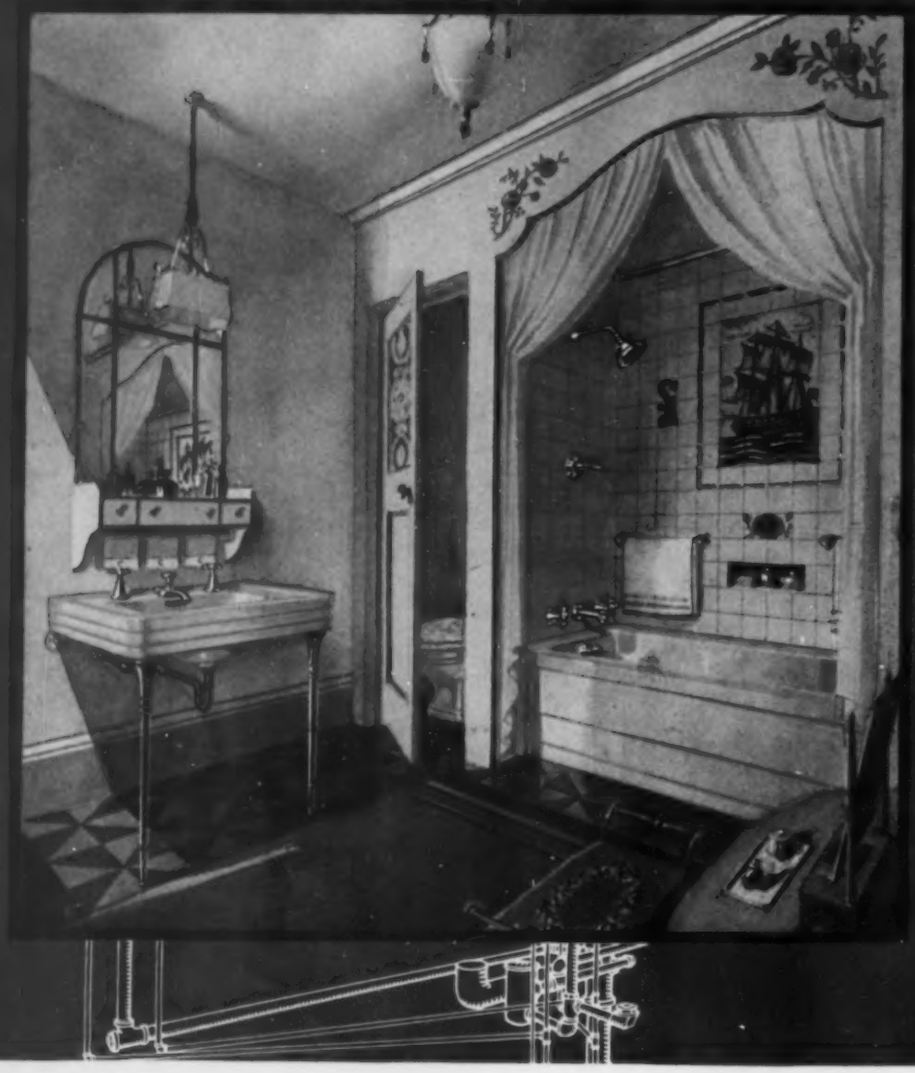

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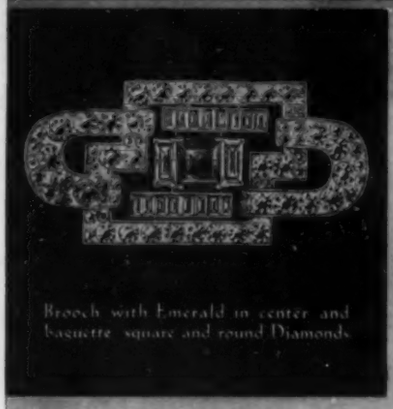

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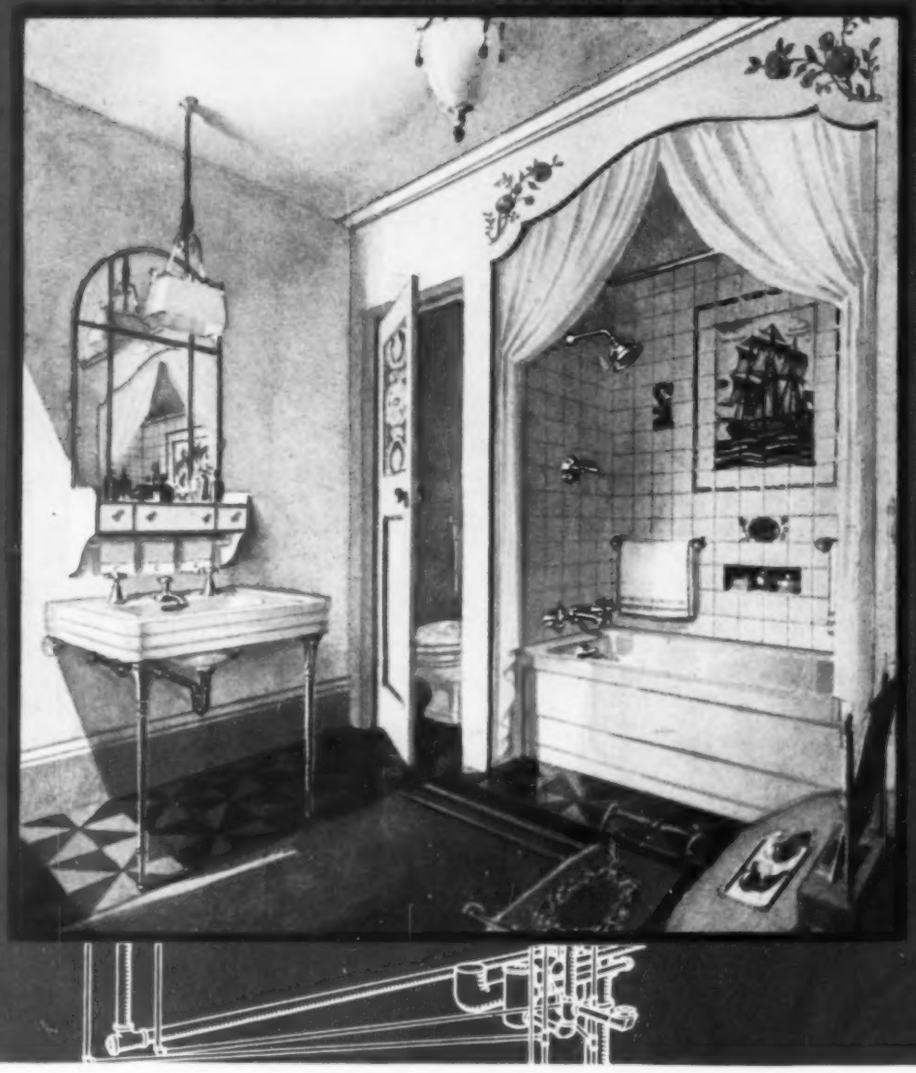

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A sleeveless chamois jerkin under one's ski jacket is marvelously warm and practical $14.50

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OUR WINTER SPORTS CLOTHES ARE READY

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 39, November 15, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

The Wanamaker Linen Store Presents

Table Linens of Distinction

at traditionally low prices

SINCE the days of Alexander Stewart, New York hostesses have known the advantages of this great linen store and have come here for the exquisite linens and laces to grace their tables of state and for the gleaming daily damasks that are the back-bone of every linen closet.

Whether one seeks the finest of satin-textured damasks from the looms of old-world weavers or the rarest of hand-made laces or embroidered services from France or Spain or Italy there is beauty in variety in this exclusive corner at Wanamaker's . . . linens of traditional distinction at traditionally low prices.

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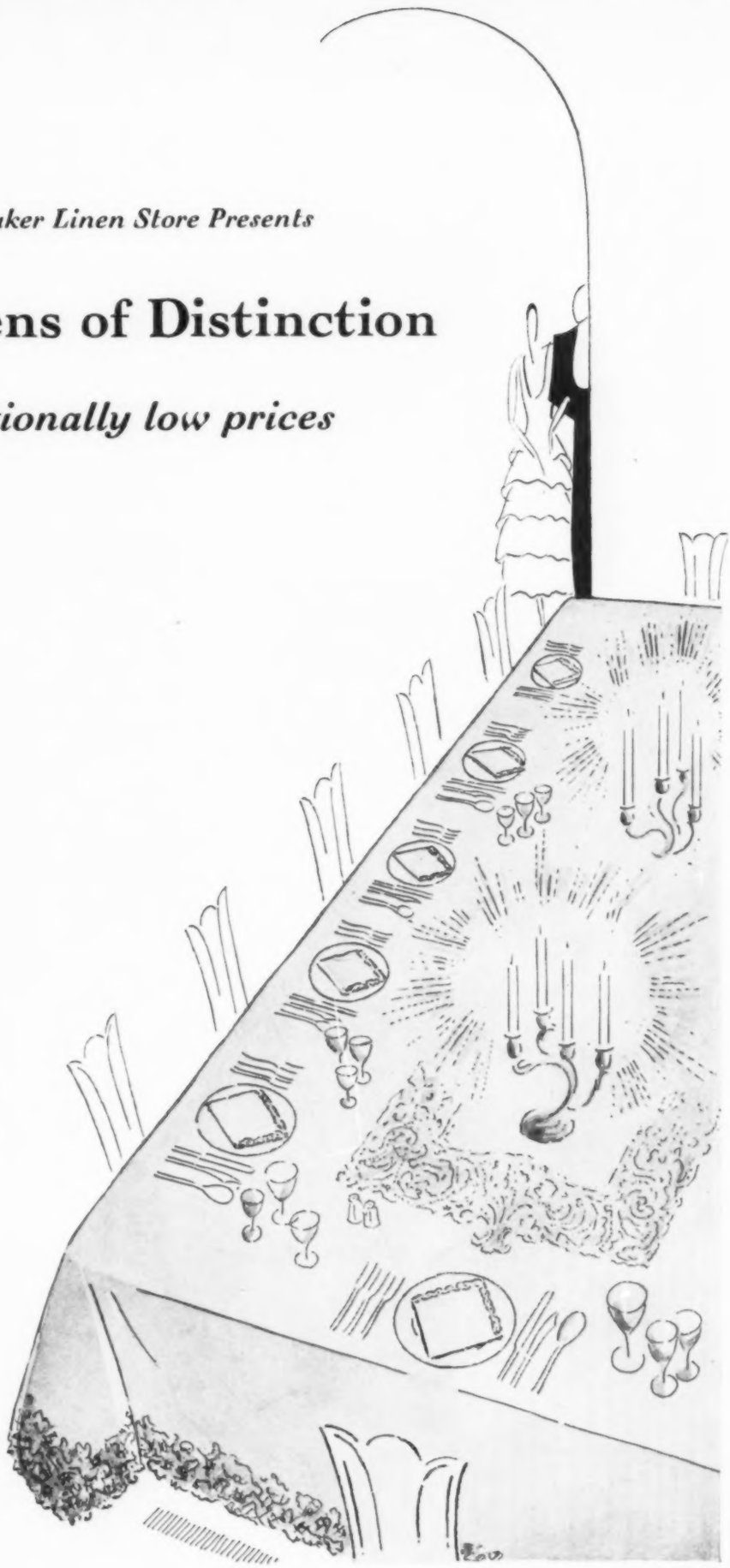
New York



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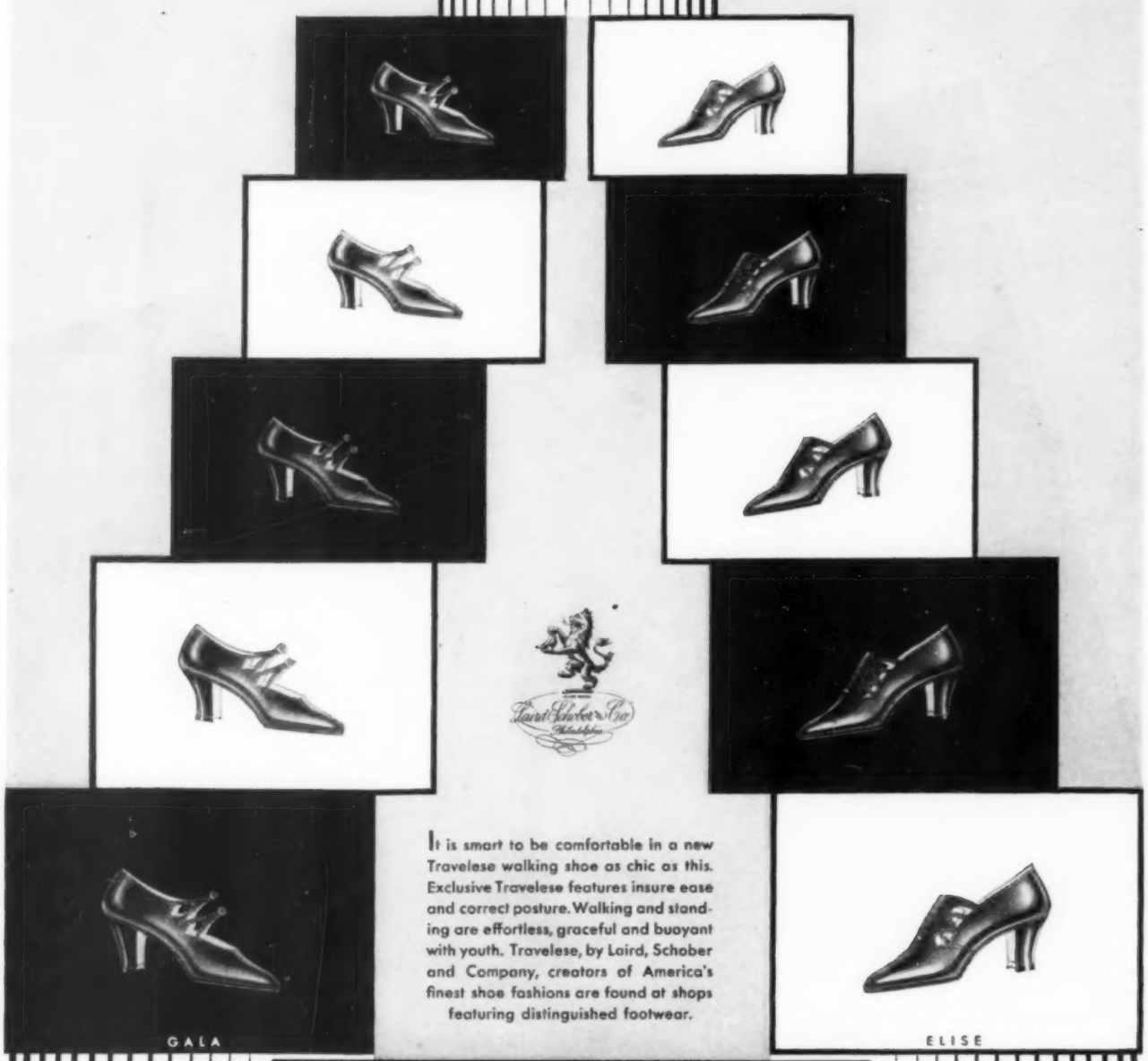
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



It is smart to be comfortable in a new Travelese walking shoe as chic as this. Exclusive Travelese features insure ease and correct posture. Walking and standing are effortless, graceful and buoyant with youth. Travelese, by Laird, Schober and Company, creators of America's finest shoe fashions are found at shops featuring distinguished footwear.

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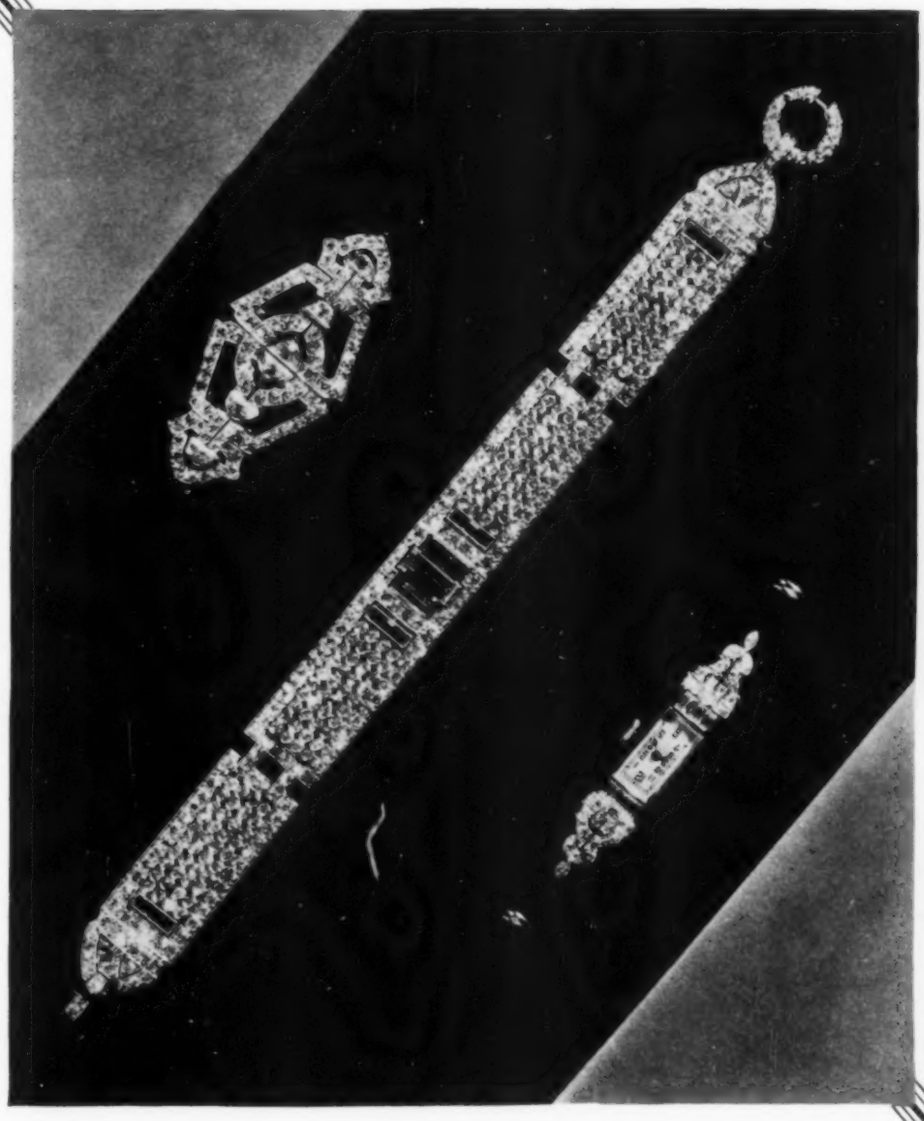

» » CHRISTMAS should mean gifts of really permanent value to those who are dear to you. And Macy's offers for your choosing rare jewels in beautiful settings, at Macy prices. Diamond, platinum, and emerald bracelet, $3334; diamond and platinum wrist watch, $464; double clip or brooch combination, $934.

STREET FLOOR

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GLASSWARE, EXQUISITE AND GAY

FOSTORIA GLASS has invaded every corner of the modern home. The living-room, the boudoir, the dining-room have been extravagant in their acceptance. In one corner we will find a few exotic flowers in an exquisite vase whose transparent brilliance lends them a strange new loveliness. On the table may be a decanter of distinguished design, a cigarette box, some ash trays of delicate Rose.

Of the clearest and most brilliant glass, Fostoria is a distinctive part of every decorative scheme.

The Fostoria dinner service has given the American women an unusual opportunity to achieve new beauty in table settings. The color, the joyous sparkle, lend a glamour and a charm to dinner that would have delighted those artists in table decoration, the hostesses of XVIIIth Century France.

FOSTORIA can be purchased for moderate prices at the best shops in complete sets or individual pieces, and replacements can be made at any time because Fostoria is sold throughout the United States ON THE OPEN-STOCK PLAN. *The Fostoria colors are Amber, Green, Rose, Azure, Crystal, Ebony, and the lovely golden Topaz. One of the most amazing things about this glass is, fragile-seeming as it is, it resists rapid changes in temperature as well as china does, and so is absolutely practicable for serving hot and cold foods. Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It contains invaluable suggestions on table settings and decorative pieces. The Fostoria Glass Company, Department* N-11, *Moundsville, W. Va.*

The Piano Had Been Playing The Most Delightful Music • • • A Nocturne, A Ballad, A Tango, Without a Soul Going Near It • • • Then Our Hostess Showed Us The Magic Buttons • • •

"We have one of these Control Tablets in each room," she said. "All you do is press the button, and the piano plays" . . . "But, where are the records?" I asked; "surely this Baby Grand is too small to hold all the music we've heard this evening" . . ."Why, that cabinet out in the foyer holds the music. I selected my program and put the rolls into it this afternoon. Then there was nothing for me to do until I wanted the music—and, as you see, a touch of the button does the rest."

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With the New Concertola

Now it is *so easy* to have a program of beautifully played piano music . . . And is there anything quite so refreshing as the pure tones of a good piano! . . . You are invited to come in and see how this new development adds the convenience of effortless enjoyment to the Duo-Art . . . which is famous all over the world for its ability to reproduce the playing of great artists with life-like fidelity.

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Drawn especially for Amrad Radio by John Richard Flanagan

(Left) The AMRAD SONDO Model. A new electric phonograph and radio combination incorporating the latest eight tube AMRAD Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis and the new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker in a cabinet pronounced the most beautiful ever produced. It contains two wells for records. Priced at $240.00, less tubes.

(Right) The AMRAD RONDEAU Model. A magnificent cabinet enlivened with exquisite carved decorations. The set is the latest AMRAD eight tube Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis. The new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker is incorporated. Automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume. Priced at $150.00, less tubes.

GOBELIN . . . a name that has woven its magic significance into the pattern of centuries, as symbolizing a sublime achievement . . . a better thing than all other craftsmen of the world, however skilled, might hope to produce.

This genius was present in the little family of French dyers that seemed to possess methods and imagination unparalleled heretofore. Two brothers they were . . . Gilles and Jean, of Rheims, and a dyeing establishment was set up in the Faubourg Saint Marcel. Along the measured course of this ancestral line, with Paris whispering of the wizardry of their skill, fame and fortune came . . . and «GOBELIN» was more than a name . . . it was a *tradition.*

Henry IV purchased the property, and tapestry-makers, under his patronage, continued the highly specialized work. It was in 1662 that Louis XIV brought illustrious personages to admire the output of the «Meubles de la Couronne». There could be nothing better than a «Gobelin» . . . and there was no substitute for a «Gobelin».

AMRAD has come to be identified with qualities of supreme perfection in Radio . . . a beautiful, and a scientifically advanced weaver of the tapestry of melody and of the voice of the universe. AMRAD, then, is to radio what Gobelin has always been to tapestry.

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Brooch with Emerald in center and baguette square and round Diamonds

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Return engagement of Drinkwater's agreeable farcical comedy, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (49th Street, 49, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Fri. Eve., Nov. 14; Wed., Thurs., and Fri. Eves., Nov. 19, 20, and 21.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Nov. 15 and 22.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque" and "The Green Cockatoo." (Sat. Eve., Nov. 15.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Mon. Eve., Nov. 17; Thurs. Mat., Nov. 20.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way" and "A Sunny Morning." (Tues. Eve., Nov. 18.) . . . "The Three Sisters," Chekhov revival. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 22.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN—The best of the plays about Elizabeth and Essex, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in the order named. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Some pretty comical dialogue between three kept ladies, well played by Muriel Kirkland, Dorothy Hall, and Verree Teasdale, without benefit of much of a show to back them up. (Harris, 42, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's play, giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of last season's plays. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—An airy anecdote about a transient Casanova who wanted to be sure he wouldn't be lonely. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Bijou, 45, W.)

LYSISTRATA—Gilbert Seldes' adaptation of Aristophanes' comedy. Very bold but very funny. Blanche Yurka, Miriam Hopkins, and Ernest Truex are in it. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M. Extra Mat. Fri., Nov. 14.)

THE MAN IN POSSESSION—Pleasantly unimportant English comedy about a young bailiff's man who finds his job more pleasant than usual by settling in the house of a charming lady. With Leslie Banks and Isabel Jeans. (Booth, 45, W.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—Edith Barrett as a young girl who grows old without showing it. Not as cute as it sounds and, at times, quite effective. Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright give notable support. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

ON THE SPOT—A good gangster melodrama, with sufficient Edgar Wallace exaggeration to make it something of a satire as well. (Forrest, 49, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Whether you know about Hollywood or not, there ought to be about a hundred and fifteen laughs for you in this lampoon on the movie business. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ROAR CHINA!—Spectacular propaganda in behalf of the downtrodden Chinese, with a setting which will keep you interested long after you have tired of the propaganda. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Frank Craven as a theatrical producer who goes visiting and stays too long. Not a real Frank Craven part, but still we are grateful for having him back. (Golden, 58, E. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Shakespeare—kindness of Jane Cowl. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. Fri., Nov. 14, at 8:40 P.M.; and Sats., Nov. 15 and 22, at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

UNCLE VANYA—Second return engagement of Jed Harris' splendid production of Chekhov's play, with Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, Osgood Perkins, and Zita Johann. Reopens Mon., Nov. 17. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—You have heard the plot before, about the young people who find that money is everything, but the lines are fresh and very funny. (Masque, 45, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BROWN BUDDIES—One of the better Negro revues, with the incomparable Bill Robinson's tap-dancing, and one or two comedy scenes which are really funny. (Liberty, 42, W.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—A big, expensive show, with plenty of dirt and a great comedy backfield consisting of Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. Also beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook in a super-Joe Cook show. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FLYING HIGH—One of last season's big hits, with some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GIRL CRAZY—Some Gershwin tunes on a dude ranch with Willie Howard to make merry. Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, William Kent, and Ethel Merman are also in it. (Alvin, 52, W.)

NINA ROSA—Good, honest, loud, and entirely satisfying musical comedy, based in Peru or some place like that, and giving lots of chances for singing and dancing. (Majestic, 44, W.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—One of those royalty romances into which enough money and talent have been put to make it a full and lusty evening. Evelyn Herbert, Jeanne Aubert, Victor Moore, George Grossmith, and Robert Halliday. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THREE'S A CROWD—If you don't know by now that this is good, you'll never know. Featuring Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE VANDERBILT REVUE—Nothing elaborate, but a good all-around collection of acts, with Lulu McConnell to keep things rolling. (Vanderbilt, 48, E.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—Presenting her remarkable one-woman show uptown. Fri., Nov. 14, at 8:30 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. (Shubert-Riviera, B'way at 97.)

LA ARGENTINA—Another recital by the popular Spanish dancer. Sat., Nov. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

VAUDEVILLE—The Duncan Sisters, Ken Murray, Zelma O'Neal, and Will Osborne's band will be at the Palace Fri., Nov. 14. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Players (a company of adult professional actors) in A. A. Milne's "Make Believe." Fri. Afts., Nov. 14 and 21, at 4. (Princess, 39, E.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "Pirates of Penzance." Sat. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

HELLO, PARIS—Chic Sale in a musical comedy based on Homer Croy's "They Had to See Paris." Opens Sat., Nov. 15. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

MARSEILLES—A play adapted from the French of Marcel Pagnol by Sidney Howard, with Alexander Kirkland and Dudley Digges. Opens Mon., Nov. 17. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET AND LOW—A revue, with Fannie Brice, George Jessel, and James Barton. Opens Mon., Nov. 17. (46th Street, 46, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE VINEGAR TREE—Mary Boland in a comedy by Paul Osborn, staged by Winchell Smith. Opens Mon., Nov. 17. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE—Jane Cowl in a comedy by Benn W. Levy. Opens Tues., Nov. 18, playing Wed., Thurs., and Fri. Eves., and Wed. Mat., and alternating thereafter with "Twelfth Night." (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

SMILES—The new Ziegfeld show, music by Vincent Youmans, with Marilyn Miller, and Fred and Adele Astaire. Opens Tues., Nov. 18. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER—David Belasco's production of a play from the Hungarian of Lili Hatvany, with Helen Gahagan. Opens Tues., Nov. 18. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

MR. SAMUEL—A comedy adapted from the French by Winthrop Ames, with Edward G. Robinson. (Little, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Supper dancing in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO—(Rhinelander 3034)—Crooning by Ethel Merman, and dancing to Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—An attractive after-theatre place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Moss and Fontana in new dances and Libby Holman in new songs. What more could you want? Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—As pleasant as ever. Miller and Farrell, with Joe Moss directing the orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway. Jeanne Aubert, Emile Boreo, Lina Basquette, and Cortez and Peggy provide the entertainment.*

GRILL NEPTUNE, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 5901)—A new and unusual room for supper dancing. For the more fastidious. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; dances by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Some of the more in-

(Continued on page 12)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
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INDIVIDUAL
EVENING WRAP
SHOP
FOR WOMEN
FIFTH FLOOR

LEFT — Black or sapphire blue velvet with ermine fur band on collar.
89.50

CENTER — Black or green velvet with chinola fur.
125.00

RIGHT — Black, blue or green velvet with lapin.
59.50

FOR WOMEN...THESE NEW EVENING WRAPS HAVE BEEN SEEN AT THE OPERA...AND SMART "FIRST NIGHTS"

Franklin Simon & Co.
A STORE OF INDIVIDUAL SHOPS
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

(Continued from page 10)

teresting night clubs of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and frequented by Broadway celebrities, rowdies, and others who hate to go to bed before sunrise. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, another late rendezvous, with Mme. Florence and Elizabeth Welch. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, no curfew, with Texas Guinan presiding. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, with a rough and elaborate revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing place, with Hal Kemp and his orchestra. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3, is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . For Spanish atmosphere: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—If you are feeling particularly Slavic you might try: Club Sadko, 100 W. 57; or The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . There is supper dancing every Saturday in the Persian Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46. Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG HOUSE—Some effective inside pictures of prison life. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 15-17; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

FEET FIRST—Harold Lloyd and his skyscrapers again. It has its moments. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—The best of the aviation pictures, in spite of a very poor story. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MONTE CARLO—A gay, light piece with music. Jeanette MacDonald, and Jack Buchanan. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 15-18; and Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 19-21; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

OUTWARD BOUND—Beautifully acted and photographed; from the play of life after death. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

RAFFLES—Ronald Colman excellent as the First Gentleman of the Underworld. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 18-20; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—A Viennese operetta, choice and pretty and nice, in German. (55th Street, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Africa Speaks," a trip through the wilderness, with some striking and unusual moments; "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches shown in fearless, thorough, and terrifying scenes; "Animal Crackers," a Long Island houseparty, with the Marx Brothers in fine form; "Lincoln," the great legend, in the D. W. Griffith manner, with first-rate acting by Walter Huston; "The Office Wife," the story of the secretary and the big businessman, very well presented by Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone; "Old English," from Galsworthy's play, with George Arliss again as the quick-witted octogenarian; "Whoopee," the Ziegfeld-Cantor show transposed to the screen, all in color.

ART

AMERICANS—The latest canvases of the group consisting of Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

COROT AND DAUMIER—Fine examples from all over the world of two of the greatest artists who have influenced this painting age. Don't miss it: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DEGAS—Charming studies and sketches the master used in his large compositions: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 15.

FRENCH—Cézanne, Corot, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Picasso, and others. Canvases new to this country: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 15.

KUHN—A versatile and changing American: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LURÇAT—One of the best of the younger generation of French: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIN—Fifty recent water colors of New Mexico and New York by a first-line American painter:

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22]

An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARSH—Paintings by Reginald Marsh, together with drawings by Gaston Lachaise: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 15.

SCULPTURE—A comparative show of examples of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, etc.; and French sculptured portraits from the twelfth to twentieth century: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

LENER STRING QUARTET—More of their coherent chamber music: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14.

SEVERIN EISENBERGER—Beethoven program by this serious, in a favorable sense, pianist: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 15.

NINA KOSHETZ—Continuing the Russian cycle of song: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 16.

VICTOR CHENKIN—Folk songs, character songs, and other amusing offerings by a fine artist: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 16.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—First concert of season by this enterprising ensemble: Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Nov. 16, at 9.

JAN SMETERLIN—An evening of Chopin by one of the recent arrivals: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 17.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Chamber music by celebrities; program to be announced: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 17.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—One of our most ingratiating ensembles: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 18.

PLAZA ARTISTIC MORNING—Edward Johnson, tenor; Medea Colombara, soprano; and Le Trio Morgan: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Nov. 20, at 11:30.

BILTMORE MUSICALE—Anna Case, soprano; Claudio Frigerio, baritone; and Ignacy Weissenberg, violinist: Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Nov. 21, at 11.

JOSEPH SZIGETI—First recital appearance this season: Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16, Fri. Eve., Nov. 21.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Nov. 16; Wed. Eve., Oct. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 15, at 11 (Young People's Concert); Sat. Morn., Nov. 22, at 11 (Children's Concert).

DON COSSACK MALE CHORUS—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 15.

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Hadley conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 16.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Nov. 18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 20; and Sat. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30.

SCHUBERT MEMORIAL CONCERT—Ganz conducting; with Flora Collins, Sascha Gorodnitzki, and Olga Zundel as soloists: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:45.

SOUSA'S BAND—Sousa conducting: McMillin Academic Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 22.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Norma," Fri. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Sat. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:30; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:30; "Don Giovanni," Mon. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:15; "The Flying Dutchman," Wed. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8; "Manon," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 20, at 8:15; "La Forza del Destino," benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2.

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"The Beggar Student," by Millöcker: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Mon. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 17-22, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Nov. 14 and 21, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Nov. 15 and 22, at 9, over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Nov. 15, at 11, over WABC. . . . Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Nov. 16, at 3, over WABC.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Sun. Aft., Nov. 16, at 5, over WEAF.

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Nov. 16, at 9:30, over WOR.

JOSEF HOFFMAN—Piano soloist, in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Nov. 16, at 9:15, over WEAF.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Nov. 18, at 9:30, over WABC.

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Wed. Eve., Nov. 19, at 10, over WABC.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Goossens conducting: Fri. Aft., Nov. 21, at 3:15, over WJZ.

KNUTE ROCKNE—Interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Nov. 19, at 10:30, over WEAF.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat. Aft., Nov. 15: Princeton vs. Yale, at 2, over WEAF and WABC; Navy vs. Southern Methodist, at 2:15, over WJZ; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, at 2, over WOR. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 22: Yale vs. Harvard, at 2, over WEAF; Navy vs. Maryland, at 2, over WJZ; Wisconsin vs. Minnesota, at 2:45, over WABC; Fordham vs. Bucknell, at 2, over WOR.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Al Singer vs. Tony Canzoneri, for lightweight championship, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14; Jimmy McLarnin vs. Billy Petrolle, Fri. Eve., Nov. 21; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 15, at 2 P.M.—Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton. . . . Harvard vs. Holy Cross, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Brown vs. Columbia, Providence. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds.

Sat., Nov. 22, at 2 P.M.—Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Rutgers, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. Bucknell, Polo Grounds.

Directions to fields—Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:15 P.M. (special train); for Boston, from Grand Central, 7 A.M.; for Providence, from Grand Central, 8:25 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M.

HOCKEY—First games of season at Madison Square Garden, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Montreal, Sun. Eve., Nov. 16; Rangers vs. Americans, Tues. Eve., Nov. 18; Americans vs. Toronto, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 20.

OTHER EVENTS

DEBATE—"Is Religion Necessary?" Clarence Darrow will say, "No;" Dr. Nathan Krass, "Yes;" and Dr. William Norman Guthrie will act as chairman: Mecca Temple, 55, E. of 7 Ave., Sat. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The Ross collection of eighteenth-century English furniture, Louis XV and XVI French furniture, tapestries, Georgian silver, china, decorative objects, and Oriental rugs: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 14 and 15, at 2:15. . . . First editions, autographs, and important Jefferson letters: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 19 and 20, at 8:15. . . . Italian furniture, rare rugs, tapestries, textiles, wrought iron, and other antique Italian furnishings: Wed. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 19-22, at 2:15.

★

If You Can Take Your Paris or Leave It Alone . . .

★

Then you are one of our customers, although you may not realize it yet.

If "It's being worn" merely causes you to murmur "Really" and if the headlines saying "Paris Dictates"—leave you unimpressed, then this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship, for you are the sort of woman we take particular delight in costuming.

We're very fond of Paris. We go there for the same reason you do—for inspiration. There's nothing quite like Paris, nor are any of her wines so heady as her atmosphere. And Paris fashions are enchanting. We couldn't possibly do without them. Oh, yes, you may be sure that we serve Paris regularly to our customers upon demand.

But we find it stimulating when everyone is wearing black to have a woman say "Yes, it's a lovely model. I'd like it in blue." When accessories are matching, to have an undaunted soul exclaim, "Oh, but I'd rather have them contrast," makes us rise and give three rousing cheers. Because we rejoice in the women who know what's being done and, if it doesn't please them, just don't do it!

They know that the essential of chic, Parisian, Peruvian or Patagonian, is a refreshing individuality.

Paris doesn't "dictate" to well-dressed women. Paris suggests. "It's being worn" is more of a danger signal than a recommendation. When a customer says "No! No! Not that sleeve! I've seen it all over the place" we know she is one of the elect . . .

We bring out our loveliest fabrics to show her. We sketch and plan and pin and consider her gowns. We worry ourselves into a frazzle over the fold of her hat brims. There is war in the workrooms if her wrap isn't finished on time. There are special pieces of lacey loveliness that are almost marked with her name as they emerge from the customs.

She knows and appreciates her Paris, but she no more accepts her fashions without question than she does her books or her music or her new hunter.

And if you are her sort, sooner or later we'll be seeing you.

L. P. HOLLANDER CO.

THREE EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

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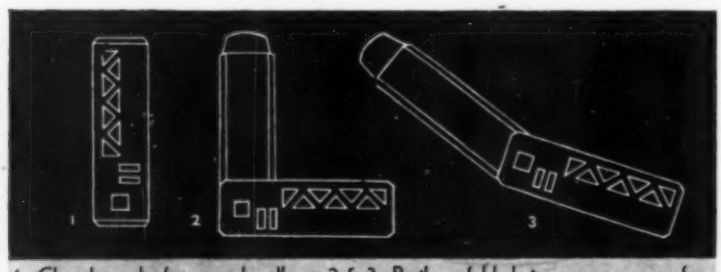
SENSATIONAL • SMART • UNUSUAL

This *folding* Lipstick by Lenthéric

THIS unusual lipstick is indeed the newest creation of French cosmetic art. Being indelible, it will not rub off . . . no matter what the occasion. It is presented in three natural, exuberant, youthful colors. ● This triumph in cosmetics has been withheld by Lenthéric, awaiting its new exquisitely chic folding holder. Beautifully executed in silver and gold and silver and black, this holder is a rare expression of the jeweler's skill . . . and at the same time fascinatingly practical. ● You open it in the



1. Closed, ready for your handbag. 2 & 3. Partly unfolded, to use as you prefer. No cap to take off or lose. No waste. No danger of soiling your handbag

manner of a folding pocket comb and the lipstick emerges . . . you close it and the lipstick disappears in its protecting case. There is no cap to come off. The lipstick can never stain the contents of your handbag. ● This new Lenthéric Lipstick with other Lenthéric products is available at leading department stores and at your favorite druggist. Lenthéric's New York Salon is at 761 Fifth Avenue, in the Savoy Plaza.

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BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET

NEW YORK

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THREE FAVORITE

Sports Fur Coats

245.00

Sketched from our collection that has done much to introduce the chic, practicality and comfort of the informal fur coat. Illustrated left to right are a natural squirrel coat, a beige kidskin model and a beautifully marked leopard cat coat.

Introducing . . .

A NEW TOWN AND COUNTRY SHOE

In Brown Suede

Cut on the classic lines of the Prince of Wales tie, it is made without stitching and with a feeling of the utmost lightness . . . With a rubber sole and a spiked leather heel. **12.50**

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO

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NOV 14 1930

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DEPRESSION has a strange effect on America. Older countries, when depressed, become subdued, thoughtful, and the sad weeds of famine overrun their national doorsteps. America, in her lean days, sits up and bawls like a hungry baby; she makes as much fuss and noise about hard times as she used to make about prosperity. We were thinking about that as

we wended our impoverished way down the Avenue the other afternoon, stopping now and again to press our nose against the enchanting windows of the stores. We knew perfectly well, having read so much about it, that business was at a standstill; yet somehow or other the Avenue with business at a standstill was just as noisy as ever, and the throngs of financially embarrassed pedestrians jostled us with as great vigor as ever they did in the old days of healthy business conditions when the United States used to be referred to as the greatest country in the world.

ANOTHER thing we observed was the changed look on the faces of the dummies in the department-store windows. These silent ladies, fashionably poised, used to exemplify—in prosperous times—beauty, sophistication, worldly wisdom, the charm of decadence. The ones you see now are quite the opposite type: they are the very pattern of naïveté—ingenuous, girlish, innocent, with their upturned noses and their chaste locks of silken yarn. Seemingly America has developed a new feminine ideal, in keeping with the slump. No longer can the Ultimate Consumer afford a worldly-wise woman who requires a sable collar to hide her lifted chin in; what he wants is a helpmeet with a schoolgirl complexion, who wants to make ends meet, and who has only a rather sketchy idea of how complicated life can really get.

SIMULTANEOUSLY came the two announcements: that the Penn Station was installing a radio in the main hall, and that Maxim had invented a new silencer for windows, to keep out noise. Where two factions like these are working at odds with each other, the forces of noise and the forces of silence, much effort could be saved if arbitration were resorted to. It would have been sensible, for example, for the Penn Station officials to have talked things over with Mr. Maxim

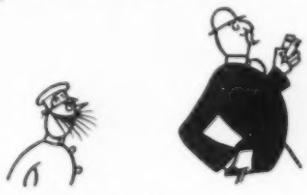
and agreed on a mutual cancellation program—the Station promising not to install a radio provided Maxim would promise not to invent a silencer. As long as the city is full of people some of whom want more noise and some of whom want more silence, it will pay to arbitrate.

CHILDREN ought to be interested in what happened to young Master Bodwell, of Sharon, Massachusetts, the other day. Young Master Bodwell, whose father is secretary of the New England Watch and Ward Society, was hauled into court charged with having stolen an automobile. The judge at first regarded the case as ordinary juvenile delinquency; then he got wondering about conditions in the Bodwell home, and what it would be like to be the son of a censor. He recalled "Lady Chatterley's Lover." He remembered the fate of Dreiser. Here, before him, was the son of the man who had rid Boston of the scourge of evil books—and the lad had just stolen an automobile. "I suspend sentence for three months," said the judge, "on condition that Censor Bodwell put this

youth under the care of someone else; there's been too much restraint and repression in the home."

Children, as we say, ought to be interested in this. From now on, any sign of repression in the home may well be regarded, by a child, with suspicion, even with resentment. The courts are on his side. "Tell me not to do that once again," we can hear a little boy saying to his old man, "and I'll go out and steal an automobile, like Sherman Bodwell."

IT is a refreshing experience to drop into one's neighborhood Postal Telegraph office and pick up a nice pair of tickets for a show. Refreshing partly because of the naïveté of the



clerks, many of whom seem never to have heard of any Broadway theatre or play. We had to spell out the name

"Selwyn" for our clerk. He seemed dazed and surprised. The telegraph-office system, it seems to us, would be a perfect way to handle tickets, if only there were some means of proving that the person who buys the tickets is the person who wants to see the show. There never has been devised a solution for that. Our only suggestion is that a Postal messenger be assigned to shadow every purchaser of theatre tickets, to discover whether he be a "digger" for an agency, or just an ordinary millionaire on his way to an evening of delight.

Valid

A FELLOW of thirty-two, who has rather lost touch with the youngest generation, went to a party given for his niece and there got into conversation with a young lady of twenty. The fact, which came out, that he had just returned from several years abroad caused the young lady to remark on Europeans. "I don't like them much," she confided, "they're so terribly valid." "Valid?" repeated the gentleman. "Yes," said the young woman. "You know—nothing to them."

Going to Venezuela?

IT might cheer up patrons of the Long Island Railroad, say, to know that travel is even more difficult in Venezuela. We have just heard of a young engineer who started out in a Ford to go from La Ceiba to Montalbán down there, but had to abandon the car and take a train, with forty-five miles yet to go. First-class passage cost him twenty bolivars and he was pretty mad when he found that there was only one coach, and that it held second-class passengers, too, who had paid only ten bolivars. He complained to the conductor about this and the fellow told him to have patience and he would see the justice of the difference in fare. Before long the train stopped dead on a hill, and the conductor showed up. "All second-class passengers get out and push!" he ordered, and the ten-bolivar people got out and pushed. The train crawled along through tangled jungleland until finally it stopped again, while the engineer wrangled over the price of fuel for his boiler with a lone woodsman who had a pile of wood stacked near the track. Finally the engineer pushed on without buying the wood. Three miles farther along there was another woodsman. His price was even higher than the first man's. The engineer again refused to buy. He then entered into council with the conductor. The outcome of this was agreement upon the point that they had to have wood—could go only a few miles more with what they had. This decided, the train began to move—backward. They went back the three miles to the first woodpile, bought a supply, stoked the engine, and started forward again. All in all the forty-five-mile trip to Montalbán took seven hours. A bolivar is 19.295 cents.

"I'm afraid, Miss Woods, we'll have to discharge you. The president is getting a machine to take your place."

Moaner

LIBBY HOLMAN's voice is rousing the beaux and yokels of the town again. When she goes to bed of a Sunday morning, around four o'clock, she has made, for the week just ended, more than twenty-five hundred dollars. A thousand or more comes from the Club Lido and records, fifteen hundred from the show she's in. Two or three seasons ago she only got thirty-five dollars for the same time, and the same voice. It's a freak voice, as you probably have guessed. It wasn't born, in fact, but made. It seems that when she was a child, she had her tonsils out, and possibly because she squirmed at a ticklish point, a part of her palate was accidentally—but, as it turns out, fortunately—removed.

Out in Cincinnati, where her father was a lawyer, she was just a lawyer's daughter. She was just a lawyer's daughter when she first came here, too. Managers and agents would listen to her sing a couple of bars, and guffaw. "Why, lady," they'd say, "your voice is lousy." She'd go home to the Y.W.C.A. and try again next day. She finally got into a couple of road shows and a couple of flops, doing walk-ons and chorus-work. She kept protesting to producers and directors that she could sing, and they kept protesting that she couldn't.

She began to cast around for some other career, and took courses at Columbia, working toward an M.A. She already had a B.A. French literature is her specialty. She reads Proust in the original. Anyway, a man has told us he saw her doing it. This augmentation of her erudition had very little effect upon the theatrical agents. She moved about unnoticed in various minor affairs until the management took a chance and let her sing in a show called "Merry-Go-Round." She got several chances after this but with not much success, and was almost at the point of going to study at the Sorbonne when the first "Little Show" came along and she knocked 'em cold with "Moanin' Low" and another song written especially for her voice.

Miss Holman has a Great Dane, rides

horseback, can let as many as five social engagements slip her mind at one time, is very nearsighted, and was originally named Elspeth Holtzman. That's all we have learned about her except this: Lately the Williams Club wrote her and asked her to appear at some club function. They said that the Williams men were simply crazy about her singing, that nobody else would quite do, that they had their hearts set on seeing *her*. She replied that her contract forbade her making such an appearance, and in turn received a letter voicing deep regret and disappointment. It was addressed to Miss Frances Williams, and Miss Holman thinks it got in her envelope by mistake.

"Now, Hattie, you're passing directly under the Gay White Way."

Reprisal

NEEDING a cook, a lady interviewed one who had advertised in the newspapers, and engaged her. Next day the new cook phoned: she had a bad cold, and could the lady wait a few days for her services? The lady went on for three or four days, hearing nothing, improvising during the deficiency in her ménage. Then she started reading the ads again, to find that the cook she had hired was still advertising for a job. She thought this over, bitterly. Then she got a friend to call the cook up, make her an enticing offer, and give her a fairly inaccessible false address. After this she felt better.

Author

AS you know, General Pershing, silent all these years, is going to tell all. He will do it in two hundred and sixty thousand words, enough to make two big books. He is busy revising the manuscript now, and probably getting the pages all mixed up. In the years when British and French generals were getting out their memoirs, recriminations, and exposures, Pershing, polite but grim, refused even to be interviewed on anything except the weather. He had intended to write the book, but he had intended also that it should be published posthumously. One thing and another have persuaded him to publish it now, principally, they say, the happenings in the stock market. General Pershing suffered reverses, even as you and I. Just a little more than half of the manuscript will be published in the newspapers. If you have wondered why the *World* and the *Times* are both going to print the articles, it's because the *World* has the New York rights to them as a member of the syndicate which bought them, and the General insisted that they be printed in the *Times*. They will begin running in January. The book will be published in April and is likely to bring in a fortune. The budding author is to receive an advance of three hundred thousand dollars against the proceeds of newspaper publication and seventy-five thousand more from Stokes & Company against book royalties. Before he signed up, the General had a lot of other bids. Publishers have been hounding him ever since the war, in fact.

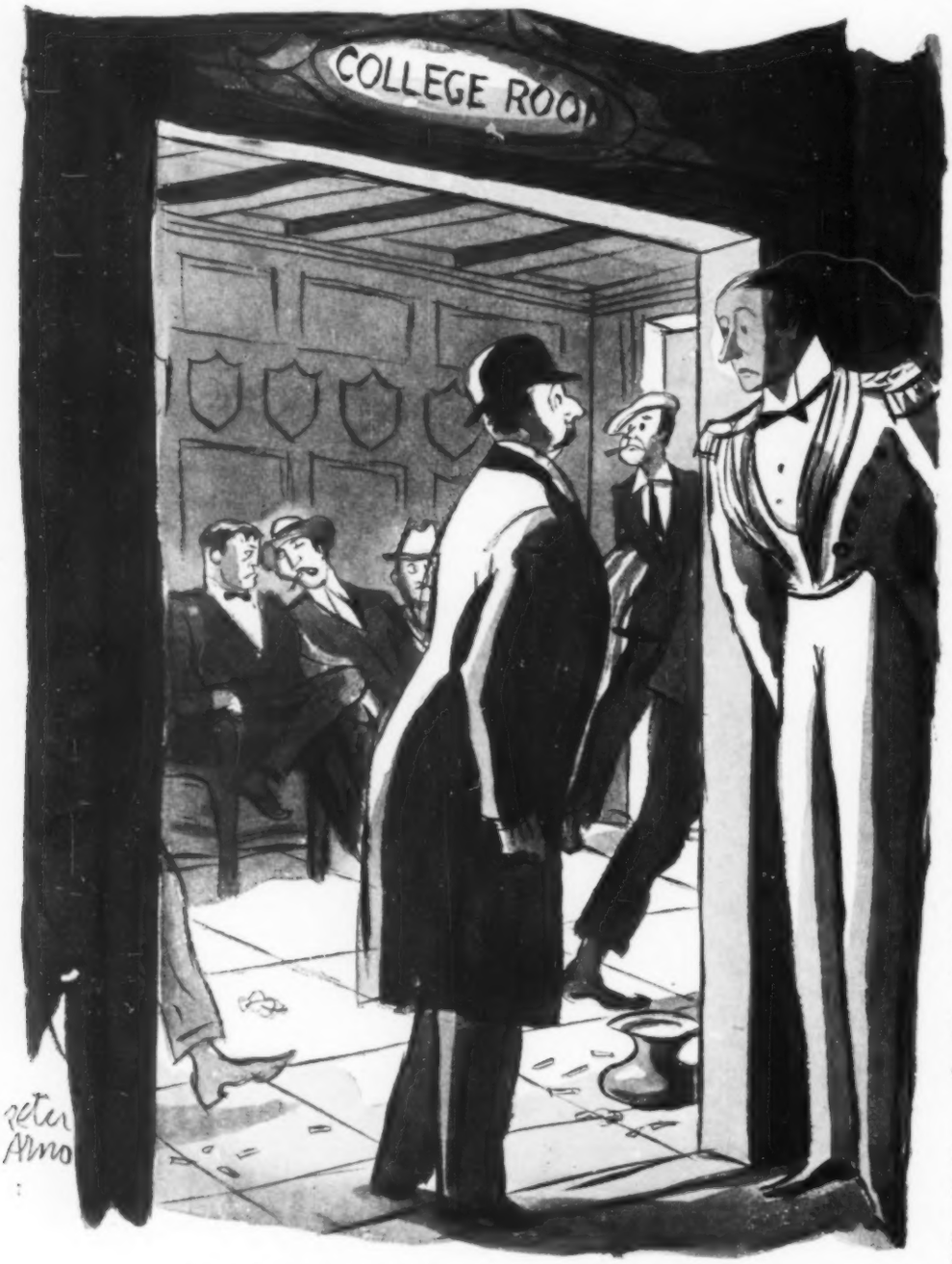
Much of the first part of the book is given over to the larger consideration of the Allies' problems. The motif is that without Pershing's insistence upon an American army we might have

gone through the war filling the replacement demands of the French and British. In the latter part of the work the General tells about the battles and the important personages he met. One thing he tells of is a conversation he had with King George and what the King said about his cousin, the Kaiser. He was helped in the preparation of the memoirs by a diary he kept.

Since his retirement from active duty General Pershing has spent much time abroad. He lives simply there. He no longer is accompanied by aides. His only permanent employee is a chauffeur who has been with him since the early war days. He frequently visits the château near Chaumont where he lived as Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. He and the family which owns it have become great friends, and the place is as near to a home as the General has had since his wife and three of his children perished in a fire in San Francisco in 1915.

Political Tangle

OUR authority for this item is State Comptroller Morris S. Tremaine; otherwise, we'd doubt it. Mr. Tremaine, around election-time, came down from upstate for a conference with the Democratic leaders. Arriving in town, he hailed a cab and gave the address, Tammany Hall. After a block or two the driver slowed up and confessed that he really didn't know where Tammany Hall was. Neither did Mr. Tremaine. Neither did the first traffic cop they met, nor the second, nor the third. At this point, Mr. Tremaine began to feel that if he were going to remain a Democrat he had better find out something definite, so he had the driver stop at a corner drugstore. There the clerk didn't know either, but he did have a telephone book. They looked up the address there.



"I'm looking for a Harvard man. Have you seen any Harvard men about?"

Tutte le Stelle

ROOSEVELT was victorious but there was at least one bad moment at his headquarters nevertheless. His managers had a foreign-language department whose duty it was to convince the foreign-speaking vote. They got out circulars in several tongues with strong arguments favoring the Tammany candidates, concluding in big, bold type with a translation of the admonition "Vote All the Stars," a star being the Tammany emblem. When the circulars in Italian arrived from the printer there was consternation, excitement, discussion. "Vote All the Stars" came out "Votate Tutte le Stelle." Too much like "Vote Tuttle." They decided just to throw the circulars away and say nothing about it.

Elbowroom

THE smallest shop in town, so far as we know, is occupied by Mr. Oscar Friedlander, who can barely get in and out. The place is two and a half feet wide and five feet deep, in a building at the corner of Broadway and 105th Street. It used to be the entrance to

a stairway and nobody but Mr. Friedlander would have thought of using it for anything except momentary shelter from the rain. He runs a locksmithy in the cubbyhole, repairs locks and makes keys—not very many, of course, and not very big ones. He's been there five years and told us we could tell people he was very happy. The rent is thirty dollars a month.

Charity

NOT long ago a man came all the way from Kansas to Northampton to talk to Calvin Coolidge, a fact interesting enough to stand alone, but there's more to the story than that. During the audience, the visitor inquired whether Mr. Coolidge would ever run again. "I answer that question in my autobiography," said the ex-President. "Have you read it?" The gentleman blushed and said no. "There's a bookstore down the street," said Mr. Coolidge's secretary. A little dazed, the gentleman took his cue and departed for the bookstore, and bought one of the former President's books. "That'll be three dollars," said the shopkeeper, and added, "unless you want it autographed. If you want it autographed, that'll be a dollar more." The gentleman suddenly decided to see the thing through, and said yes, he wanted it autographed. Thereupon a messenger was whistled up, sped away, and shortly brought the book back with the famous name in it, the ink still fresh. "Well, well," said the man, who could have been arrested for what he was thinking. The bookman then explained that it isn't a racket at all, but a noble form of charity which begins at home, Coolidge's home and yours. The dollar goes to Mrs. Coolidge's missionary society; five or six hundred dollars have been raised in this way.

The Kansan had occasion later in the day to talk to Coolidge's secretary again. "After you went," said that person, "Mr. Coolidge expressed the wish that he had given you a copy of his book, but I told him you probably would want to aid the missionary cause." "What did he say to that?" asked the visitor. "He still rather wanted to make you a present of the book, but compromised by writing your name in it as well as his own. Usually he just writes his own name, but he has given you this book with your name in it too."

While we were writing this, a gentleman came into our office with a copy of a letter from Coolidge to Mr. David Lawrence, who edits the *United States Daily* in Washington. Recently subscribers were asked to let the publisher know if they liked the *Daily*, and to pass it on to someone when they were finished with it. Mr. Coolidge's response was:

"My dear Mr. Lawrence: The United States Daily comes to my office and I read it. As there is no one else here who would be interested in it, after I have read it, it is thrown away. Wishing you continued success, I am, Very truly yours, Calvin Coolidge."

Coins and Badges

IF you should find yourself at 156th Street and Broadway you might drop into the handsome new building there and have a look at the Confederate gold half-dollar. It's worth twenty thousand times its face value because—but first let us tell you where you are. The building is that of the American Numismatic Society. The Society was founded in 1858 and in the ensuing seventy-two years has got together a fine collection of coins and paper money, and medals and decorations as well. Its rarest coin is the one we started to tell you about, the old Southern half-dollar that is worth ten thousand dollars. Only four of them were minted, as the Confederacy couldn't scare up enough bullion to make them in quantity, and only two are now in existence. Mr. Howland Wood, the curator, doesn't know who has the other.

The Society has over a hundred thousand coins, including some rare counterfeits. If you scraped the gilt off some of these you would find they were made of platinum. Before platinum was used extensively as a setting for gems it was cheap, although it's worth more than gold now.

The coins at the museum date from the eighth century B.C., and there is every medal you can think of, from Boy Scout badges to the Victoria Cross. The rarest medal is the first ever struck by the United States government. It was presented by Congress in 1780 to Messrs. Williams, Van Wert, and Paulding, who (we bet you didn't know) captured Major André. The Society gets many gifts. The Serbian Minister came in one day, found few Serbian medals, and had a complete set sent over. Once a large Irishman showed up with a collection of medals which he said he had no use for and would turn over to the museum. They were all for life-saving. He was a policeman who had saved eighteen lives on about as many different occasions. The glamour of decoration had worn off for him, he said.

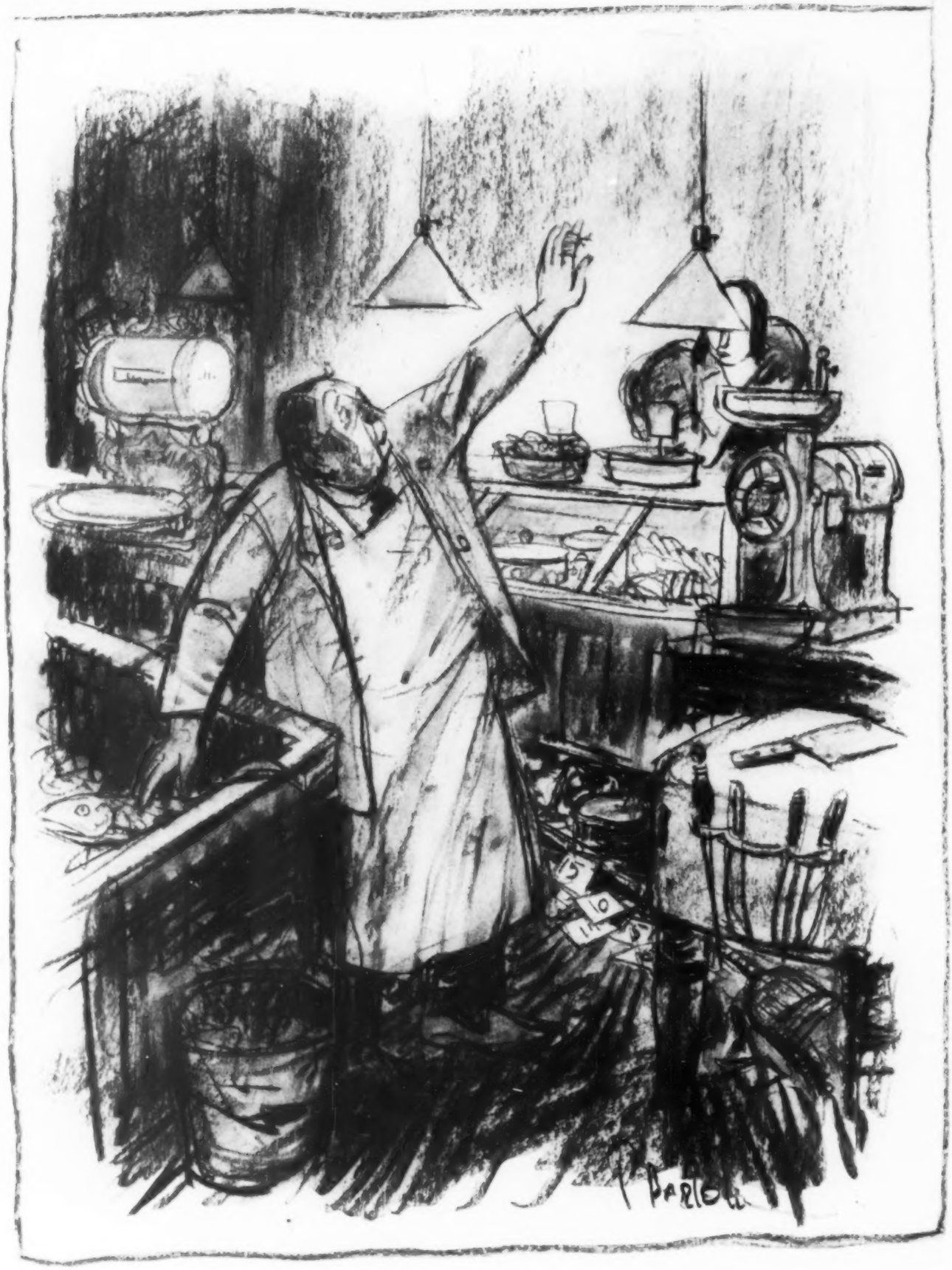
The museum is supported by patrons and members, among whom are many prominent people. There are also honorary members, including the King of Italy and the Prince of Wales. The King collects coins, but the Prince doesn't. No one seems to know why the Prince was elected, but he was. Mr. Wood, the curator, has been with the Society for seventeen years. He says nothing is so intangible as the value of a coin. The 1799 cent, for example, is worth twenty-five hundred dollars in good condition, but it can be rubbed and worn off so much that it's worth only five dollars.

The Wonderful Night

A GENTLEMAN reports that he was the guest recently of a young couple who live in one of the new modernistic apartments. He was being shown around and they came presently into the master's bedroom.

The ceiling was azure blue with stars arranged in constellations. A bit of an astronomer, the visitor recognized that the position of the stars represented the heavens in early spring. "Spring, eh?" he said. The young host laughed, a little embarrassed. "Yes," he said. "April 15, 1930, to be exact. That was the night I met Mabel." He put his arm about Mabel and they stood staring up at the stars, and the guest sighed and went back to the living-room and his Cointreau.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"This is only Thursday, Mrs. Molyneux, but I'm gonna show you something beautiful."

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. BRUHL

SAMUEL O. BRUHL was just an ordinary-looking citizen, like you and me, except for a curious, shoe-shaped scar on his left cheek, which he got when he fell against a wagon-tongue in his youth. He had a good job as treasurer for a syrup-and-fondant concern, a large, devout wife, two tractable daughters, and a nice home in Brooklyn. He worked from nine to five, took in a show occasionally, played a bad, complacent game of golf, and was usually in bed by eleven o'clock. The Bruhls had a dog named Bert, a small circle of friends, and an old sedan. They had made a comfortable, if unexciting, adjustment to life.

There was no reason in the world Samuel Bruhl shouldn't have lived along quietly until he died of some commonplace malady. He was a man designed by Nature for an uneventful life, an inexpensive but respectable funeral, and a modest stone marker. All this you would have predicted had you observed his colorless comings and goings, his mild manner, the small stature of his dreams. He was, in brief, the sort of average citizen that observers of Judd Gray thought Judd Gray was. And precisely as that mild little family man was abruptly hurled into an incongruous tragedy, so was Samuel Bruhl suddenly picked out of the hundreds of men just like him and marked for an extravagant and unpredictable end. Oddly enough it was the shoe-shaped scar on his left cheek which brought to his heels a Nemesis he had never dreamed of. A blemish on his heart, a tic in his soul would have been different; one would have blamed Bruhl for whatever anguish an emotional or spiritual flaw laid him open to, but it is ironical indeed when the Furies ride down a man who has been guilty of nothing worse than an accident in his childhood.

Samuel O. Bruhl looked very much like George ("Shoescar") Clinigan. Clinigan had that same singular shoe-shaped scar on his left cheek. There was also a general resemblance in height, weight, and complexion. A careful study would have revealed very soon that Clinigan's eyes were shifty and Bruhl's eyes were clear, and that the syrup-and-fondant company's treasurer had a more pleasant mouth and a higher forehead than the gangster and racketeer, but at a glance the similarity was remarkable.

Had Clinigan not become notorious, this prank of Nature would never have been detected, but Clinigan did become notorious and dozens of persons observed that he looked like Bruhl. They saw Clinigan's picture in the papers the day he was shot, and the day after, and the day after that. Presently someone in the syrup-and-fondant concern mentioned to someone else that Clinigan looked like Mr. Bruhl, remarkably like Mr. Bruhl. Soon everybody in the place had commented on it, among themselves, and to Mr. Bruhl.

Mr. Bruhl rather laughed it off at first, but one day when Clinigan had been in the hospital a week, a cop peered closely at Mr. Bruhl when he was on his way home from work. After that, the little treasurer noticed a number of other strangers staring at him with mingled surprise and alarm. One small, dark man hastily thrust a hand into his coat pocket and paled slightly.

Mr. Bruhl began to worry. He began to imagine things. "I hope this fellow Clinigan doesn't pull through," he said one morning at breakfast. "He's a bad actor. He's better off dead."

"Oh, he'll pull through," said Mrs. Bruhl, who had been reading the morning paper. "It says here he'll pull through. But it says they'll shoot him again. It says they're sure to shoot him again."

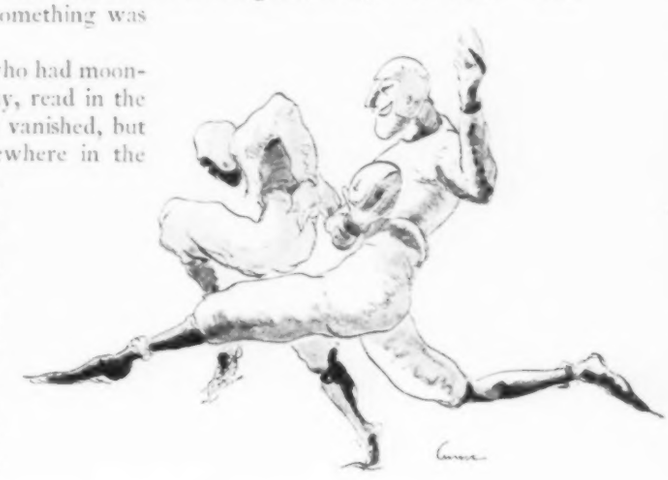
The morning after the night that Clinigan left the hospital, secretly, by a side door, and disappeared into the town, Bruhl decided not to go to work. "I don't feel so good today," he said to his wife. "Would you call up the office and tell them I'm sick?"

"You don't look well," said his wife. "You really don't look well. Get down, Bert," she added, for the dog had jumped upon her lap and whined. The animal knew that something was wrong.

That evening Bruhl, who had mooned about the house all day, read in the papers that Clinigan had vanished, but was believed to be somewhere in the city. His various rackets required his presence, at least until he made enough money to skip out with; he had left the hospital penniless. Rival gangsters, the papers said, were sure to seek him out, to hunt him down, to give it to him again. "Give him what again?" asked Mrs. Bruhl when she read this. "Let's talk about something else," said her husband.

IT was little Joey, the officeboy at the syrup-and-fondant company, who first discovered that Mr. Bruhl was afraid. Joey, who went about with tennis shoes on, entered the treasurer's office suddenly—flung open the door and started to say something. "Good God!" cried Mr. Bruhl, rising from his chair. "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Bruhl?" asked Joey. Other little things happened. The switchboard girl phoned Mr. Bruhl's desk one afternoon and said there was a man waiting to see him, a Mr. Globe. "What's he look like?" asked Bruhl, who didn't know anybody named Globe. "He's small and dark," said the girl. "A small, dark man?" said Bruhl. "Tell him I'm out. Tell him I've gone to California." The personnel, comparing notes, decided at length that the treasurer was afraid of being mistaken for Shoescar and put on the spot. They said nothing to Mr. Bruhl about this, because they were forbidden to by Ollie Breithofter, a fattish clerk who was a tireless and inventive practical joker and who had an idea.

As the hunt went on for Clinigan and he still wasn't found and killed, Mr. Bruhl lost weight and grew extremely fidgety. He began to figure out new ways of getting to work, one requiring the use of two different ferry lines; he ate his lunch in, he wouldn't answer bells, he cried out when anyone dropped anything, and he ran into stores or banks when cruising taxi-drivers shouted at him. One morning, in setting the house to rights, Mrs. Bruhl found a revolver under his pillow. "I found a revolver under your pillow," she told him that night. "Burglars are bad in this neighborhood," he said. "You



oughtn't to have a revolver," she said. They argued about it, he irritably, she uneasily, until time for bed. As Bruhl was undressing, after locking and bolting all the doors, the telephone rang. "It's for you, Sam," said Mrs. Bruhl. Her husband went slowly to the phone, passing Bert on the way. "I wish I was you," he said to the dog, and took up the receiver. "Get this, Shoescar," said a husky voice. "We trailed you where you are, see? You're cooked." The receiver at the other end was hung up. Bruhl shouted. His wife came running. "What is it, Sam, what is it?" she cried. Bruhl, pale, sick-looking, had fallen into a chair. "They got me," he moaned. "They got me." Slowly, deviously, Minnie Bruhl got it out of her husband that he had been mistaken for Clinigan and that he was cooked. Mrs. Bruhl was not very quick mentally, but she had a certain intuition and this intuition told her, as she trembled there in her nightgown above her broken husband, that this was the work of Ollie Breithofter. She instantly phoned Ollie Breithofter's wife and, before she hung up, had got the truth out of Mrs. Breithofter. It was Ollie who had called.

The treasurer of the Maskonsett Syrup & Fondant Company, Inc., was so relieved to know that the gangs weren't after him that he admitted frankly at the office next day that Ollie had fooled him for a minute. Mr. Bruhl even joined in the laughter and wisecracking, which went on all day. After that, for almost a week, the mild little man had comparative peace of mind. The papers said very little about Clinigan now. He had completely disappeared. Gang warfare had died down for the time being.

ONE Sunday morning Mr. Bruhl went for an automobile ride with his wife and daughters. They had driven about a mile through Brooklyn streets when, glancing in the mirror above his head, Mr. Bruhl observed a blue sedan just behind him. He turned off into the next side street, and the sedan turned off too. Bruhl made another turn, and the sedan followed him. "Where are you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Bruhl. Mr. Bruhl didn't answer her, he speeded up, he drove terrifically fast, he turned corners so wildly that the rear wheels swung around. A traffic cop shrilled at him. The younger daughter screamed. Bruhl drove right on, weaving in and out. Mrs. Bruhl began to berate him wildly. "Have you lost your mind, Sam?" she shouted. Mr. Bruhl looked behind him. The sedan was no longer to be seen. He slowed up. "Let's go home," he said. "I've had enough of this."

A month went by without incident (thanks largely to Mrs. Breithofter) and Samuel Bruhl began to be himself again. On the day that he was practically normal once more, Sluggy Pensiotta, alias Killer Lewis, alias Strangler Koetschke, was shot. Sluggy was the leader of the gang that had sworn to get Shoescar Clinigan. The papers instantly took up the gang-war story where they had left off. Pictures of Clinigan were published again. The slaying of Pensiotta, said the papers, meant but one thing: it meant that Shoescar Clinigan was cooked. Mr. Bruhl, reading this, went gradually to pieces once more.

After another week of skulking about, starting at every noise, and once almost fainting when an automobile backfired near him, Samuel Bruhl began to take on a remarkable new appearance. He talked out of the corner of his mouth, his eyes grew shifty. He looked more and more like Shoescar Clinigan. He snarled at his wife. Once he called her "Babe," and he had never called her anything but Minnie. He kissed her in a strange, new way, acting rough, almost brutal. At the office he was mean and overbearing. He used peculiar language. One night when the Bruhls had friends in for bridge—old Mr. Creegan and his wife—Bruhl suddenly appeared from upstairs with a pair of scarlet pajamas on, smoking a cigarette, and gripping his revolver. After a few loud and incoherent remarks of a boastful nature, he let fly at a clock on the mantel, and hit it squarely in the middle. Mrs. Bruhl screamed. Mr. Creegan fainted. Bert, who was in the kitchen, howled. "What's the matta, you?" snarled Bruhl. "Ya bunch of softies."

• •

Dance Records

"I've been holding out on you—now watch!"

QUITE by accident, Mrs. Bruhl discovered, hidden away in a closet, eight or ten books on gangs and gangsters, which Bruhl had put there. They included "Al Capone," "You Can't Win," "Only Saps Work," and a lot of others; and they were all well thumbed. Mrs. Bruhl realized that it was high time something was done, and she determined to have a doctor for her husband. For two or three days Bruhl had not gone to work. He lay around in his bedroom, in his red pajamas, smoking cigarettes. The office phoned once or twice. When Mrs. Bruhl urged him to get up and dress and go to work, he laughed and patted her roughly on the head. "It's a knockover, kid," he said. "We'll be sitting pretty. To hell with it."

The doctor who finally came and slipped into Bruhl's bedroom was very grave when he emerged. "This is a psychosis," he said, "a definite psychosis. Your husband is living in a world of fantasy. He has built up a curious defence mechanism against something or other." The doctor suggested that a psychiatrist be called in, but after he had gone Mrs. Bruhl decided to take her husband out of town on a trip. The Maskonsett Syrup & Fondant Company, Inc., was very fine about it. Mr. Scully said of course. "Sam is very valuable to us, Mrs. Bruhl," said Mr. Scully, "and we all hope he'll be all right." Just the same he had Mr. Bruhl's accounts examined, when Mrs. Bruhl had gone.

Oddly enough, Samuel Bruhl was amenable to the idea of going away. "I need a rest," he said. "You're right. Let's get the hell out of here." He

"How do you like your new school?"

"My dear, it's wonderful! There isn't a girl there that hasn't got an older brother or a cousin or something."

• •

seemed normal up to the time they set out for the Grand Central and then he insisted on leaving from the 125th Street station. Mrs. Bruhl took exception to this, as being ridiculous, whereupon her doting husband snarled at her. "God, what a dumb moll *I* picked," he said to Minnie Bruhl, and he added bitterly that if the heat was put to him it would be his own babe who was to blame. "And what do you think of *that?*" he said, pushing her to the floor of the cab.

THEY went to a little inn in the mountains. It wasn't a very nice place, but the rooms were clean and the meals were good. There was no form of entertainment, except a Tom Thumb golf course and an uneven tennis court, but Mr. Bruhl didn't mind. He said it was too cold outdoors, anyway. He stayed indoors, reading and smoking. In the evening he played the mechanical piano in the dining-room. He liked to play "More Than You Know" over and over again. One night, about nine o'clock, he was putting in his seventh or eighth nickel when four men walked into the dining-room. They were silent men, wearing overcoats, and carrying what appeared to be cases for musical instruments. They took out various kinds of guns from their cases, quickly, expertly, and walked over toward Bruhl, keeping step. He turned just in time to see them line up four abreast and aim at him. Nobody else was in the room. There was a cumulative roar and a series of flashes. Mr. Bruhl fell and the men walked out in single file, rapidly, nobody having said a word.

Mrs. Bruhl, state police, and the hotel manager tried to get the wounded man to talk. Chief Witznitz of the nearest town's police force tried it. It was no good. Bruhl only snarled and told them to go away and let him alone. Finally, Commissioner O'Donnell of the New York City Police Department arrived at the hospital. He asked Bruhl what the men looked like. "I don't know what they looked like," snarled Bruhl, "and if I did know I wouldn't tell you." He was silent a moment, then: "Cop!" he added, bitterly. The Commissioner sighed and turned away. "They're all like that," he said to the others in the room. "They never talk." Hearing this, Mr. Bruhl smiled, a pleased smile, and closed his eyes.

—JAMES THURBER

THE TEMPTATION OF S. SIMEON STYLITES

Poor S. Simeon on his pillar
Felt the cold come chill and
chiller.

In the heat of summer, he
Kept complete his chastity.

Hot and fierce up in the sky
Burned the day-star's furious eye.

Strong and sure the message fell.
Simeon swooned and thought
of Hell.

Poor S. Simeon on his pillar
Felt the cold come chill and
chiller,

Felt the ice on winter's breath—
Cold as virtue; cold as death.

Tempting thoughts in Simeon's head:
Woman's warming flesh in bed;

Sin that makes the blood run hot;
Jungle nights of warmth and rot;

Wine: its warm taste and its smell;
Then: the grateful heat of Hell!

In the heat of summer, he
Kept complete his chastity:

Simeon, when winter fell,
Thought a kindly thought of Hell.

—JAKE FALSTAFF

•

OF ALL THINGS

IN the bright lexicon of this department there are no such words as "I told you so." We merely point to our fearless prediction that Governor Roosevelt would manage to squeeze through.

•

The plea "Back up Hoover" seems to have been badly misunderstood by the electorate. They backed him up against the wall.

•

Before the election, local statisticians were figuring out how much Tuttle would come down to the Bronx with. This was wasted effort. Tuttle never even came down to Schenectady.

•

Are the drys downhearted? No. They point out that Tuttle, McCormick, and Rogers (of Connecticut) were all defeated because they dallied with the demon rum. That's the old school spirit!

•

Heflin says the election was "one of the most fraudulent and corrupt ever held in Alabama." Anyhow we shall not have to buy a good-loser's cup for *that* Thomas.

•

Last summer, after the primaries, Mrs. McCormick used the immortal phrase: "You can't buy a landslide." Ruth never said a truer word.

•

Heywood Broun has started manfully upon the campaign of 1932. He would have won easily this year except for a shortage of comrades.

•

Colonel Woods should feel gratified at the prompt way the Democrats swept the country and started to "spruce up" the House.

•

For us, 1930 will always be remembered as the year Philadelphia went Democratic and Columbia won a football game.

•

Society, we read, has taken up backgammon in a thoroughgoing way. Burning their bridge decks behind them.

•

The Princeton dean says that the rioting students acted worse than a mob of Reds. But not as badly, we feel sure, as an American Legion convention.

•

Britain's baby princess laughed at the Archbishop of Canterbury during the christening. This completely disposes of the old myth that the English have no sense of humor.

•

Sinclair Lewis has justifiably changed his mind about accepting prizes. This one is a Nobel experiment.

•

Our revised idea of a timid soul is the fellow who is afraid that prosperity will come around that corner suddenly and run over him.

•

For a man of literary tastes, Tunney shows a surprising interest in worldly goods and a reluctance to part with same. You get the feeling that Gene loves to curl up with a good bankbook.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Aw, it's only a twelve!"

"Gee, boys, the Slitzkin Corporation is certainly having a fine conference."

WITH EXPRESSION

PETER, who is seven and no student, came home from school looking so complacent that it seemed a good time to question him on the rather delicate subject of his arithmetic.

"How did your number-work go today?" I asked kindly.

"Well," said my nephew, "I got thirty."

"Thirty?" I said. "Thirty what?"

"Why, thirty," he said. "Stanley and Dick both got a hundred. They always get a hundred. They're on the honor roll."

"Peter!" I said. "Did you get such a low mark?"

"Yes, I'll show you," he said cheerfully. "I brought the paper home to prove it."

He pulled a grimy, much-folded sheet out of his pocket and handed it to me. There were fifteen problems of the simpler sort, written in Peter's unstudied hand, and as examples of unalloyed guessing the answers struck me as being remarkable. My manner, however, was disapproving.

"How much are five and three?" I inquired, glancing severely at one of his calculations.

"Nine," he said. "Eleven—uh—seven."

"Eight," I said.

"Oh yes," he said. "I remember. We're going to have a program at school on Friday. You can come if you want to. I'll write you an invitation."

"Thank you," I said. "How much are—?"

"I don't know," he said. "We're going to get up on the platform in front of the whole lower school and sing a song. It's about robins."

"How nice," I said, putting down the paper and wondering why Peter's teachers never seem to have nervous breakdowns.

"The best singers," he observed, "stand in the front row."

There was a slight pause.

"Well, let's see you do this."

"I SUPPOSE you think *I* stand in the back row," he said. "But I don't. I stand in the front row. Right in the middle."

"That's fine," I said. "Can you sing the song for me?"

"I can't sing it alone," he said. "Not without a piano. Stanley is in the back row—way back. He can't sing at all. He just sounds squeaky."

I was silent, trying helplessly to think of something appropriate to say about the relative values of singing and mathematics.

"And after that," he said, his voice swelling with pride, "I say a poem. It's a pretty good poem. It's called 'Fishing.'"

"How very nice," I said. "Have you learned it?"

"Yes, but I have to practice it a good deal," he said. "I have to practice it for the expression. Would you like to hear me?"

"Now who else but a silly husband would do a thing like that!"

• •

"Why—why, yes," I said. "Yes."

"I don't suppose you know it yourself," he said. "It's quite a new poem. Just a minute and I'll get the book. You can read it and tell me if I make a mistake."

He gave me the book and walked with dignity to the other end of the room.

" 'Fishing,' " he said in a clear, emphatic voice, "by A. A. Milne. Is that loud enough?"

"Yes," I said. "Quite loud enough. Go on."

" 'I'm fishing,' " he proclaimed in ringing tones. " 'Don't talk anybody, don't come near. Can't you see that the fish might *hear*?' "

He stopped, looking embarrassed.

" 'They think,' " I prompted tactfully. " 'They think I'm playing—' "

"I get mixed up," he explained. "Perhaps I'd better start again."

He started again and this time he got through it nicely.

"How do I do it?" he inquired anxiously. "Is it all right?"

"It's splendid," I said, "but when you say 'Don't talk anybody,' don't you think it would be better to make your voice a *little* softer?"

"Certainly not," he said in an annoyed tone. "I have to say it that way. That's the expression. Would you like to hear me say it again?"

"Yes," I said.

He said it again and the expression was even finer.

"Maybe I'd better say it one or two times more," he suggested, "just to make sure."

HE said it twice more and I began to feel the strain. I have never really cared for recitations.

"Shall I say it again?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "perhaps you'd better not. You can do it again tomorrow."

"Or tonight after dinner," he said. "There'll be plenty of time after dinner. Don't you think I do it pretty well?"

"Very nicely," I said.

"I suppose they'll clap," he said carelessly but with a hint of worry in his voice. "They clapped for Dick when he said a poem and *he* forgot in the middle."

"Very likely they will," I said. "People usually do. Especially parents."

He seemed relieved, and stood gazing into space with an air of dreamy selfsatisfaction that was rather trying.

"Peter," I said. "How much are five and three?"

"Nine," he said. "Uh—fourteen."

"Think!" I said in exasperation.

"Eight," he said with practically no thought at all. "I know five and three are eight. My goodness, I shouldn't think you'd bother about things like that when I have a poem to learn and everything."

I glanced relentlessly at the paper.

"How much—?" I began. But Peter was already gliding unostentatiously through the nearest doorway. A moment later from the kitchen, where two defenceless maids were polishing silver, I heard his voice, vigorous and a trifle declamatory.

" 'Fishing,' " he said, "by A. A. Milne." —ALICE FRANKFORTER

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AUTRES BÊTES, AUTRES MŒURS

I

The fish, when he's exposed to air,
Can show no trace of savoir-faire,
But in the sea regains his balance
And exploits all his many talents.
The chastest of the vertebrates,
He never even sees his mates,
But when they've finished, he appears
And O.K's all their bright ideas.

II

The turtle lives twixt plated decks
Which practically conceal its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile.

—OGDEN NASH

THE THEATRE

DISSENTING AGAIN

I DISLIKE to be thought an old curmudgeon, but I am afraid that is just what I am. Nothing short of curmudgeonry would explain my acid reactions to several dramatic features of the past week which aroused high enthusiasm in other quarters. Perhaps it would be better if I just held my tongue this week.

For example, I do not expect to add to my stature as a judge of acting by saying that I was not bowled over by Lynn Fontanne's characterization of Queen Elizabeth in the Theatre Guild's "Elizabeth, the Queen." It was evidently a remarkable piece of work. Part of my dullness in perceiving its merits may be traced to the fact that I did not sit close enough to the stage to see her makeup and so did not know until the following morning that it was a sensational transformation. From Row M, Miss Fontanne's Elizabeth looked more as Elsie Ferguson might look on a day when she wasn't really trying. There was no suggestion of age or eccentricity that I could detect and Miss Fontanne's youthful voice did nothing to supply these qualities. I have no way of knowing what Elizabeth's voice was like, but I do know Miss Fontanne's voice when I hear it and I do recognize her little trick of breaking it for comedy purposes, and somehow it didn't strike me as sounding particularly queenly. I was oppressed by the feeling that the vocal strain of playing a particularly vocal queen was a little too heavy for her resources.

Aside from this, her performance was all that I read about it the next day, but, not having seen her makeup and not having been convinced by her voice, I naturally lagged behind a little in my enthusiasm. Miss Fontanne is a fine actress and anything that she does is worth seeing. I just didn't swoon over this particular performance, that was all.

The rôle of Essex in Mr. Anderson's play is a much less showy one, but Mr. Lunt did splendidly by it. Mr. Lunt does splendidly by everything. It isn't the Essex that we read of in the Strachey book, but if Mr. Lunt says that Essex was like this, then Essex *was* like this as far as I am concerned. Mr. Anderson has written several very stirring scenes and has frankly toyed with the records in writing his romance, but that is all right with me, too. There are color and drama and good writing in "Elizabeth, the Queen" and it is another gold star on the Theatre Guild's report card. If this department's enthusiasm for it is a trifle orderly and restrained, it is because I think that we are all a little fed up with Elizabeth and Essex as people.

I WAS personally much interested in the playing of the Queen's guard, having created the rôle of Third Beefeater in the Nance O'Neil production of a similar play called "Elizabeth, Queen of England" some twenty-five years ago. Salaries then weren't what they are now, and I received twenty-five cents for one performance. (There were other performances, but I was not in them, owing to an unhappy accident which occurred shortly after I had assisted in leading Essex off to the Tower. The next week, as one of the vestrymen supporting Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," I was much better, they tell me.) I should say that the present-day conception of a beefeater is more formal in spirit than the interpretation that I gave and, by the same token, lacking something in individuality. The Theatre Guild beefeaters are a lot taller, too. On the whole, I think there has been an improvement, especially in the color of red in the uniforms.

ANOTHER heralded performance which I was unfortunately unable to subscribe to was that of Miss Isabel Jeans in "The Man in Possession." I may be getting hipped on the subject of English mugging and overacting and I know that I am getting tiresome, even to myself, but this thing has really got to stop. An actress of Miss Jeans' ability and charm has no need for a comic walk, nor does she have to convey her meaning to the audience by leaning out over the footlights and all but going up and down the aisles with it. "The Man in Possession" isn't such a bad play that ground-and-lofty tumbling has to be resorted to in order to get it over, and Miss Jeans certainly isn't such a bad actress as to be unable to make her points on the strength of her own personality. At such moments as she had tired herself out with her exertions and was just herself, she was charming.

"The Man in Possession" is the best of the English comedies which have been brought over here this season, which, although such faint praise as hardly to be audible, may be taken as a recommendation. Leslie Banks gives a smooth performance as the bailiff's man who makes himself at home on the lady-debtor's premises, and Frances Ruttledge is so much like a faded mother that she doesn't quite seem to belong on the stage at all. There is plenty of the old, familiar stuff in the dialogue and, when it is all over, there isn't really very much to remember, but at the time it seems pleasant.

IF it weren't for Otto Kruger, "As Good As New" would be a very offensive play. Offensive because it pretends to preach across the dirty-post-card counter. If Thompson Buchanan had come right out frankly and written a farce about a man who gets caught with women and a young girl who wants to "live," he might have had a fairly amusing show of a certain type. But, while catering to the gigglers in a matinée audience, he tries to make a problem play out of his farce and throws in a lot of moralizing on the subject of divorce, the young people, and the Life Force. He has written a play for women who love to be startled and nudged, and has, at the same time, donned a Belasco clerical collar which disguises him just about as much as it disguises Mr. Belasco.

But Otto Kruger, being a young man with a disarming pleasantness and honest appearance, carries off Mr. Buchanan's little lewdnesses with such grace as to make the thing almost believable. Mr. Kruger can also make lines funny which are, in themselves,

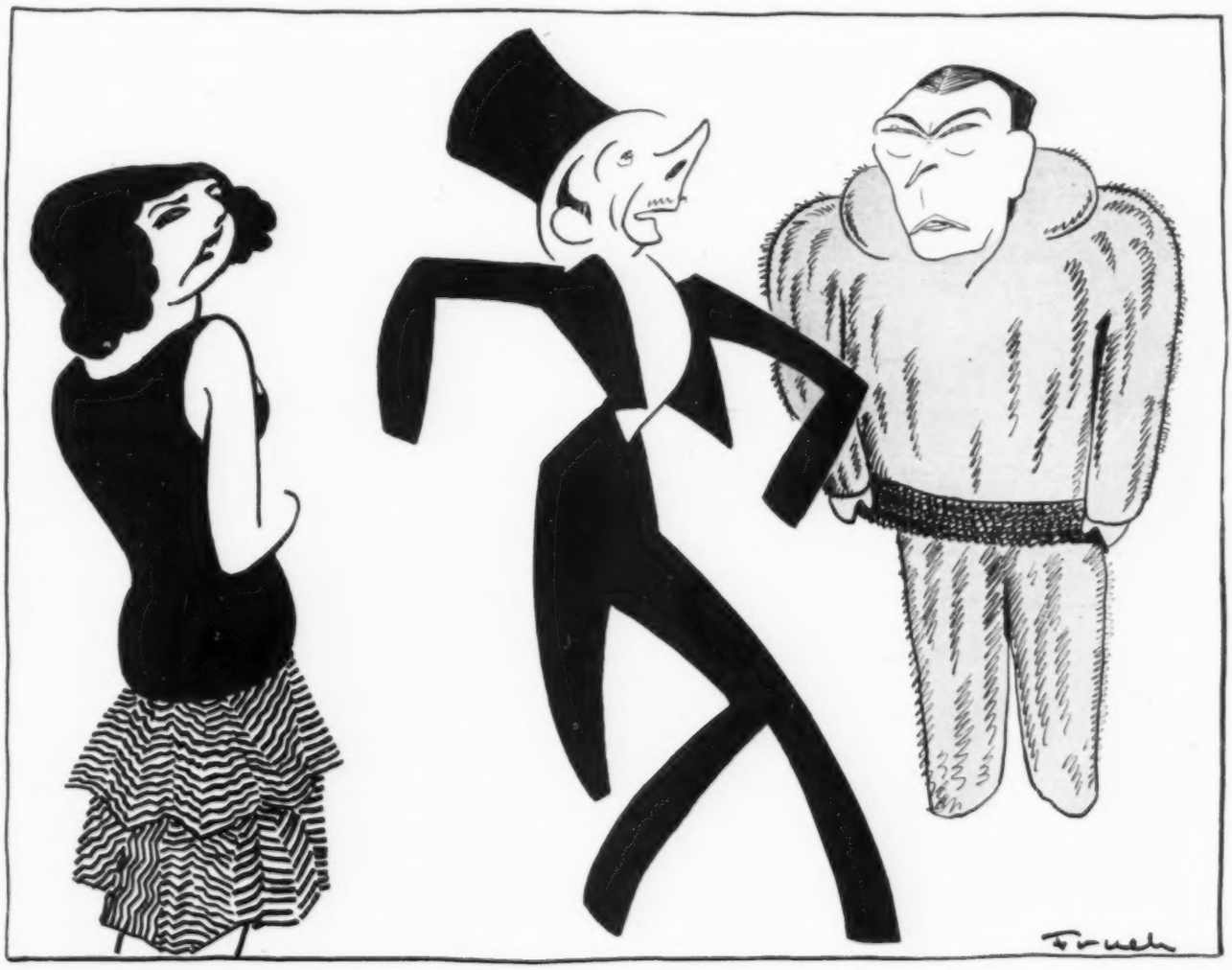
innocent of fun. The result is a rather entertaining evening in spots, which leaves you wondering if maybe the fault isn't yours that it seemed embarrassing. Which is probably just what Mr. Buchanan wanted to do.

THE chief merit of "The Vanderbilt Revue" is that it has nothing that is terribly bad in it. It jumps along, or rather is dragged along by Lulu McConnell, at a pretty fairly good pace and every now and then comes out with something that is good. And, at its lowest ebb (a strange "legend" about a jackdaw which stole a cardinal's ring), it is still not unbearable.

Miss McConnell bounces through her sketches with that verve which carries all before it, making bad material almost good and good material better. A new comic (new to Broadway) named Joe Penner also does his share and, by reminding you in rotation of several other good comics yet furnishing something distinctive of his own, manages to make you watch for his next appearance. One or two good numbers are taken by Miss Evelyn Hoey, who, by quietly underplaying them, makes them seem better than they probably are. Then there are dancers and dancers and choruses, and a sudden interlude by a Russian male choir, so that, what with one thing and another, the evening is spent and you really have no complaint. That is, there is no complaint unless you happen to remember that one of the sketches ("Over the Radio") was, in its second half, lifted almost word for word from the third "Music Box Revue."

PEOPLE often ask me (perhaps two a year): "Don't you get awfully sick of going to the theatre?" My reply to this is characteristically vague: "Yes—and no." The reasons we professional theatregoers in New York do not get sick of it all are largely sentimental. In the first place, there is a throwback to the old days when, at five in the afternoon, you thought to yourself: "*I'm going to the theatre tonight!*" and a warm flush suffused your nervous system (probably resulting in your being put to bed immediately under suspicion of having a fever). This, I suppose, would come under the head of Love of the Theatre.

But in New York there are other compensations. In the midst of a season of openings at Wallack's and the Belmont there come periodically events containing at least a preliminary excitement, events which practically double that five P.M. thrill. Once in a while some great actor or actress like Duse comes from abroad, once in a while there is promise of music from some composer who has never failed you, and once in a while



"THREE'S A CROWD"

The Crowd which is making the Selwyn a pleasanter place to be these nights: Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen.

there is an opening at the Empire.

Just why an opening at the Empire should have such a glamour is something of a mystery, for there have been plenty of worthless plays at the Empire. But the old Frohman-Maude Adams and even Gilbert Miller tradition still lingers and a memory of the days (which most of us writing today never saw) when an opening at the Empire was a première in the best sense of the word. And now even this has been taken from us.

For the Empire has been given over to the New York Theatre Assembly, a well-meaning organization of potential amateurs who last year dispelled whatever prestige the Princess Theatre may have retained from the days of the Bolton-Wodehouse-and-Kern musical comedies. Under its management the Empire will not lack for its quota of white ties, for the list of patrons is impressively social. But, with its first production of the year, "Room of Dreams," the old-time feeling about an Empire opening has been successfully smothered and we now know that here, at the southernmost outpost of the old Broadway, the Old Guard has surrendered. A review of "Room of Dreams" would not merit all this space, but the loss of the Empire tradition does. There will now be a short intermission while we all burst into tears.

—Robert Benchley

VOICES

"Mr. White?" said the voice on the phone. "This is the New York Telephone Company."

"How are you?" I replied.

"This is the New York Telephone Company."

"How've you been?" I asked.

"I understand," said the voice, "you are interested in having an extension telephone installed. Is that correct?"

"Yes," I said. "You see, we're going to have a—"

"You understand, do you, Mr. White, that there is a charge of three dollars for installing the phone?"

"Sure. You see, we're going to have a baby, and we want to have a phone upstairs so that—"

"We also make a charge of sixty-five cents a month for service, you understand that?"

"Yes, I know. We're going to have a baby and we thought it would be nice if we had a phone upstairs so the baby's father could call the little fellow up sometimes."

"Is it your residence or your business where the phone is to be installed?"

"My residence. Did you think we were going to keep the baby at the office?"

"Your residence. Very good. Now, we have two types of phones that we install, Mr. White. One is the desk set, and the other is the new-style hand set. We make a charge of sixty-five cents a month for the desk type and a charge of ninety cents a month for the new hand telephone. Which do you wish us to install?"

"Which can a baby push over easiest?"

"Why—ah—I think you will like the new French type of hand phone, sir."

"I said which can a baby push over easiest?"

"Why—ah—"

"I'll take a hand set."

"A hand set. Very good. I really think you will like it better," said the voice. "It makes a nicer appearance in the room."

"In what room?" I said.

"In the baby's room," said the voice.

"That-a-boy," I cried, "now you're talking!"

"I know you'll like it," continued the voice.

"Oh, we're all going to love it. We can hardly wait."

"Thank you very much for the order, Mr. White."

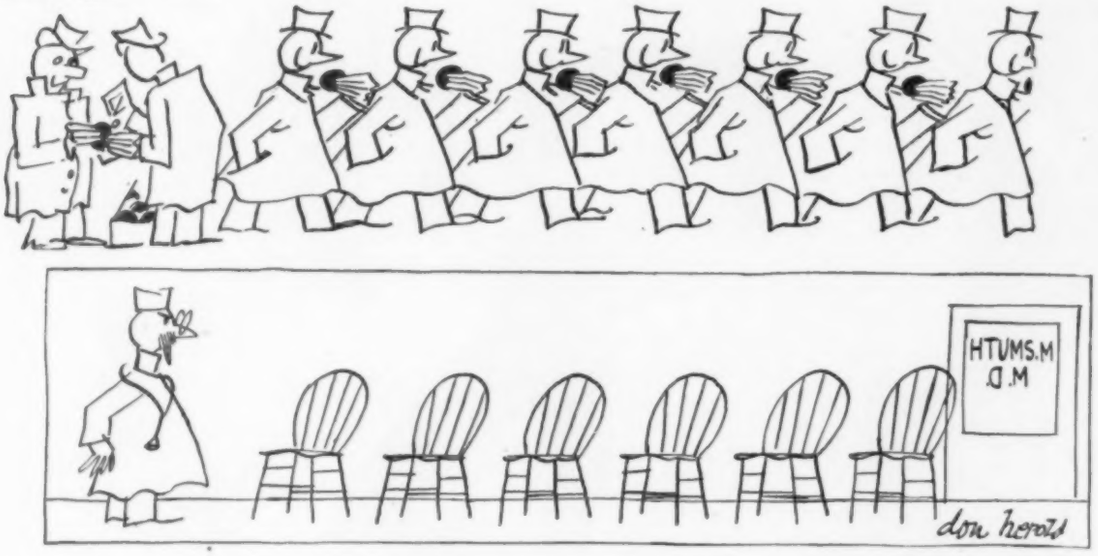
"Thank *you*," I replied. "What company did you say you represented?"

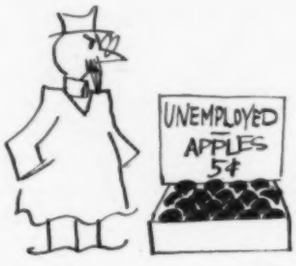
"The New York Telephone Company."

"That's it. I remember now. Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye," said the voice. "And good luck."

—E. B. W.





"An Apple a Day"

PROFILES

"COSMOS"—II

Nicholas Murray Butler

DR. BUTLER has attained a unique international position. Every civilized nation claims him for its particular friend, and he reciprocates. If the world resolved itself into a republic, "Butler for President" banners would be carried in the streets from Kyoto to Antofagasta. It is no accident that "Nicholas Miraculous," as Roosevelt called him, has achieved this eminence. Starting life as an infant prodigy, his prodigiousness has waxed with the years. He became the youngest professor of philosophy that Columbia ever had. At twenty-four years he personally founded Teacher's College, Columbia refusing to assist him in the experiment. Born with the insatiable hunger for responsibility which, according to Foch, is the one sure sign of greatness, his appetite has sharpened ever since.

A multiplex, dynamic phenomenon in knickerbockers, Murray, as his cronies call him, started on many of his careers while a schoolboy. A Republican warhorse almost from the cradle, he was a philosopher, writer, and organizer in his teens. He inherited his G.O.P. and educational departments from his father, a merchant at Elizabeth and Paterson, a delegate to Republican national conventions, and a president of the School Board at Elizabeth, the birthplace of Dr. Butler. Murray's universality may be traced to the favorite reading of his boyhood, "Chamber's Miscellany," a fine old dumping ground of the wisdom of the ages. With the memory of a Bourbon, he hung on to everything he learned, and today, after any general conversation with Dr. Butler, men exclaim "He knows everything!" Entering Columbia in 1878, he drafted the constitution of the freshman class, edited a college paper, and hunted campus items for the *Tribune*, an experience which came in handy decades later when he felt moved now and then to drop in at the *Times* office to give Adolph Ochs lessons in journalism. He attended the Republican National Convention with his father in 1880 and served as a *Tribune* correspondent at the Convention of 1884. Murray, according to his college mate, Robert Arrowsmith, was the greatest of all "bun-yankers," as the scholastic honor-snatchers were termed. On his graduation in 1882 he was class orator and Greek salutatorian. He did nothing in athletics beyond setting a private record of walking forty-five miles over Adirondack roads in twelve hours.

IN his college days he formed the habit of seeking out and exchanging thoughts with celebrities. "Talk with the wise and feed with the rich," commanded Dr. Samuel Johnson. The first half of this maxim became a governing principle with Dr. Butler. Studying philosophy in Continental universities, he sought the friendship of famous educators and scientists. Later, on trips to Europe, he stalked the great statesmen, writers, and thinkers of the time, collecting conversations with the passion of an autograph or souvenir-fiend. A Boswell he was, but with none of Boswell's tendency to fawn and flatter. In Boswell's place, N. M. B. would not have taken all the punishment, but would have slugged toe to toe with the Great Lexicographer all the time. If a stenographic record had been preserved of young Butler's talk with Gladstone, it would be interesting to see whether the Grand Old Man got in more than fifty per cent of the good counsel. Benjamin Harrison became the cornerstone of the Butler gallery of Presidential intimates. Salisbury and Roseberry were charter members of his circle of titled confidants. Soon the young educator began to bag princes and sovereigns. With an instinct for unrecognized genius, he also picked the likely young men, so that when the new generation of statesmen and intellectuals arrived, many of them were calling him "Murray." His forty-year correspondence with the great ones of two hemispheres is a grain elevator of international confidences. No part of it has yet seen the light; Dr. Butler guards his tonnage of state secrets with morbid circumspection.

HE became an assistant in philosophy at Columbia in 1885. In the summer vacation of 1886, excavating in the Bad Lands, he aided in the discovery of the Uintatherium and a new Mesonyx. Off to Alaska in 1887, he and his party founded the Alaskan Society. Dr. Butler has circulated about North America almost as much as he has shuttled about Europe, and he is one of the few Europophiles who are also patriots. He never apologizes for the U.S.A.; on the contrary, with jingoistic nationalism, he hurls Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and other Americans into the teeth of his European audiences.

As soon as the young educator took a post at Columbia, it became obvious that he would run the place. Nothing could stop that tidal wave. As a baby of the faculty, he swept the trustees off their feet with an eloquent, and a rather exact, forecast of the future of Columbia. "I saw in a flash at that meeting," said Dean J. W. Burgess years afterward, "that he would become president of Columbia and that Columbia would become the greatest educational institution on earth."

IN 1891 Dr. Butler founded the *Educational Review* and for thirty years was its editor. The long arm of the law clutched him in 1899, when he alluded in that publication to Joseph J. Little, superintendent of the New York City schools, as "that fine old educational mastodon." A thin-skinned and sweet-spoken era it must have been; the Grand Jury indicted Dr. Butler for criminal libel. He, to use the modern idiom, beat the rap. After three decades, the phrase comes home to roost, because Dr. Butler is today something of a fine old mastodon himself, in the science of pedagogy. His own educational theories have been largely supplanted by those of his subordinates. He is a martyr to the unlimited academic freedom he has maintained at Columbia. In creating the world's greatest school for teachers, he has fostered new prophets, who have eclipsed him as an educational philosopher, while adding to his fame as an administrator and builder.

Thirty-one years ago Dr. Butler founded the Columbia summer school, which, after Teacher's College, is

his greatest monument. Twenty-eight years ago he succeeded Seth Low as president of Columbia. Eliot came from Harvard and Roosevelt from Washington to speak at the installation ceremony. The students numbered fewer than four thousand then; they number more than forty thousand now. No school has kept pace with the growth of Columbia under Butler.

THE new president had a sharp conflict with the student body when he and the university council abolished football in 1905. Students hissed him at the interclass cane spree. They marched about the campus shouting:

"C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a
C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a
C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a
Damn the faculty."

"Except Van Am," some added, as Dean Van Amridge was the only one to vote against the ban on football. They lowered a flag near Dr. Butler's window to half-mast and talked of burning him in effigy, but refrained. Invading a protest meeting at Hartley Hall, Dr. Butler, by his compelling presence, faced down an incipient riot. Football, he told the indignant students, created a false set of standards. "Hasn't the time come," he inquired, "to show that Columbia stands for something else?" He proposed that Columbia go in for "the so-called soccer football." The meeting ended with faint cheers and a personal triumph for Butler.

In an annual report a quarter of a century ago, Dr. Butler called football "a profession, not a sport," "an academic nuisance," and "in no small degree a commercial enterprise." It brutalized the spectators, he said, as the gladiatorial games had done. A decade later, football, a much-chastened game, was allowed to return, but it has never thrived at Columbia. The requirements are too austere. Columbia stars must be able to speak English, add and take away, and that sort of thing; and the old grads have never been encouraged to comb the national industries for meat mountains.

In 1903 Dr. Butler landed the endowment for the Pulitzer School of Journalism, after some painful negotiations with the autocratic Joseph Pulitzer. The publisher originally wanted his school at Harvard; he sounded President Eliot, who emitted a vague and muffled response, apparently being doubtful whether Harvard and Yellow Journalism, which was then synonymous with Pulitzer, would mix. Butler, however, snapped at the offer. A crisis occurred when Butler objected to having Eliot and Andrew D. White as trustees. Pulitzer attributed the objection to jealousy and threatened to cancel the offer. The journalist had his way, but he was wrong in fancying that Butler could experience the emotion of jealousy. He is wholly free from traces of that vice. His strength and weakness both lie on the side of a grand and nearly imperturbable complacency.

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celebrities. A Butler tea for a foreigner is equivalent to a salute of twenty-one guns; a Butler luncheon outranks a Grover Whalen reception on the Macom. At his intimate dinners Elihu Root and Bishop Manning are lucky to break in. For decades, however, Dr. Butler has dispensed tea and sandwiches with a liberal hand to meritorious students, and has overpowered them with his condescension; he retains the old knack of identifying genius in its larval state. The doctor is a roisterer at the Lotos Club, of which he has been president for several years, and hardly less than a riot at the Bohemian Grove, near San Francisco. With munificent *camaraderie*, the Bohemians called up on the long-distance phone and listened in at three dollars a minute to the jollification when Dr. Butler was installed as president of the Lotos Club.

Dr. Butler champions the urban university against the country-club type. He believes that metropolitan life makes for breadth among students and faculty, and tends to discourage social and racial coxcombries. He encourages members of the Columbia staff to seize professional and scientific opportunities outside the classroom, believing that non-academic experiences benefit them academically. Then, too, he likes to see Columbians thrive. He wants Columbia to have the most prosperous professors and the most prosperous scrubwomen in the world. Those who travel with Dr. Butler are likely to travel far. The career of James T. Grady, the Columbia publicity wizard, is an instance. Finding Grady capable and a glutton for work, N. M. B. practically became the press agent's press agent. He sounded Grady's praises to such effect that the latter's takings soon passed the one-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year mark and he today threatens Ivy Lee's primacy in the public-relations racket. When the question of Grady's first accepting outside employment arose, another university president of smaller calibre might have said: "No, no, Mr. Grady. Alma Mater is paying you twenty-one hundred dollars a year and she must have your undivided time and effort." The volume of Columbia news in the press of the country vindicates the Butler policy.

DR. BUTLER'S first wife was the former Susanna Edwards Schuyler, who died in 1903. In 1907 he married the present Mrs. Butler, formerly Kate La Montagne. His one child is Sarah Schuyler Butler, an able young

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woman and a pillar of the Republican Party in New York. One of Roosevelt's most engaging letters from the White House was a thank-you letter to little Miss Sarah, who congratulated him on his birthday. T. R. illustrated the letter with a sketch of a macaw and another of Alice Roosevelt (now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, social arbitress and Pond's Cold Cream crusader of Washington) being hurled over her pony's head. Another valuable item of Rooseveltiana is a long letter to Dr. Butler written on Election Day in 1903, furnishing a catalogue of the Presidential reading of the past two years, a preposterous five-furlong shelf of books ranging from "Pickwick Papers" to "The Seven Against Thebes."

T. R. was fond of Butler, took him along on the President's Special in a speaking tour of the country, and once showed signs of grooming him politically. There is a record of the alarm of Don Cameron, practical Pennsylvania politician, who was ordered by Roosevelt in 1904 to confer with Butler on the Republican platform. Cameron obeyed, but bewailed the state of civics in America when a Republican boss was forced to talk things over with a college president.

THE friendship which united Theodore and Murray was broken in 1910, when Butler became a leader of the Old Guard counterattack on the Progressives. In 1912, the year of the Republican split, Senator Foraker sought unsuccessfully to get both sides to unite on Butler. The educator made his great sacrifice for the G.O.P. in that year, when he allowed his name to be used as the emergency running-mate of Taft after the death of Sherman, the original Vice-Presidential candidate. It is hard to live down the fact that one once received the electoral votes of Utah and Vermont for the Vice-Presidency.

When the Republican National Convention was deadlocked in 1916, T. R. received a long-distance call from Butler, describing how things stood. T. R. interpreted the call as a timely nudge, but was aggressively indisposed to sponsor his former chum as the Republican hope. The Doctor made his great try for the Presidency in 1920, when he was the favorite-son

candidate of New York. By talking to interviewers with a candor and fluency previously unknown in Presidential timber, Dr. Butler broke into the newspapers on a scale that alarmed his rivals. But the delegates experienced a certain queasiness at the thought of nominating a university president. Judge John R. Davies, campaign manager for Butler, seeing the necessity for removing the academic taint from his candidate and proving that he was a good fellow whom you could call by his first name, hit upon the slogan:

"Pick Nick
For a Pic-Nic
In November."

It was a squandering of genius. The Butler delegates deserted for General Wood, and in the end the sainted Gamaliel was nominated. For once Dr. Butler's philosophy forsook him. He assailed the backers of General Wood as "a motley group of stock-gamblers, oil and mining-stock promoters, and munitions-makers" who had sought "to buy the Presidential nomination." "You're a liar and a faker," retorted General Wood. On cooling off, Dr. Butler issued a public apology, condemning his own language as "unbecoming and unwarranted" and asking pardon of "each and every one who was hurt by what I said."

Dr. Butler broke many a Republican heart by the stunning tribute he penned for the sheepskin which turned Al Smith into Dr. Smith. In a letter that fairly whistled with indignation, the Doctor denounced the Republican Convention of 1928 for straddling the liquor issue, but the infatuation of a lifetime asserted itself and prevented him from discarding the party of Lincoln and Hamilton. In spite of all temptations to change affiliations, he remains a Republican. It would take a revolution to bring him forward again as a Presidential possibility; a national insurrection against the racketeers might do it. He stands out as the steadiest, ablest, most aggressive, and most influential opponent of the Eighteenth Amendment. If the country tires of the rule of the Cannons and Capones, it might yet pick Nick.

DR. BUTLER'S output as a writer and speaker in the last four or five decades has been enormous. Opinions differ as to its merit. He is at his best in his carefully prepared annual reports as president of Columbia, which are widely read and quoted. Several of his discussions of prohibition have been arresting documents. An

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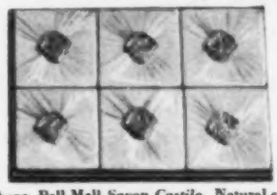

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At left, Pall Mall *Savon Toujours*. 33c the cake, $1.00 the box of four.

Below, Pall Mall *Savon pour la Famille*. 15c the cake, 75c the box of six, $1.25 the box of twelve.

Below, Pall Mall *Savon Petit*, guest room size, 75c the box of twelve.

● No longer is the old one-color soap correct. Today our fascinating new baths — our distinctive guest rooms — must have soaps to harmonize with their radiant color schemes.

● Pall Mall, *Les savons exquis*, are made in the most exquisite pastel tints and in the most modernistic of smart shapes — some square—some oblong—some oval. And each charming color has its own alluring flower fragrance. Only the finest possible ingredients are used in these gorgeous soaps, and they are made by the expensive French hard-milled process. They produce a rich, creamy lather in any water — hard water, salt water — hot or cold water. Remarkably gentle and soothing to even the most tender skin.

● Pall Mall, *Les savon exquis*, are sold in drug stores and the best department stores. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and we will see that he is supplied. Address Internationala, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

PALL MALL

"Les savons exquis"

COTY

PERFUMED
MANICURE POLISH

Blends the manicure with your own perfume

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish for the first time completely banishes unpleasant chemical odors from the manicure. Its lovely Coty Perfume lends the charm of a delicately blending fragrance to the finger-tips.

The gentler, finer new manicure ingredients of Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish groom the finger-tips with a clearer, more natural sparkle. Smoother brushing qualities give the nails a brilliance which lasts a week or more with *a single coat.* You save time and avoid any artificial over-coated thickness on the nails. This matchless polish will not chip, peel or make the nails brittle.

Four shades: Clear, Medium, Deep, or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. At the better shops everywhere.

The test below proves that Coty Polish does not become unusable through evaporation the way ordinary polishes do.

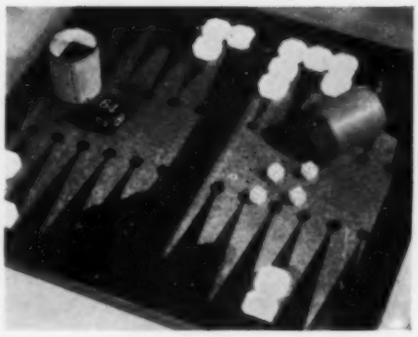
After six days of exposure to the air ordinary polishes became gummy and practically solid.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish tested the same way remained fluid—easy to spread and dried quickly on the nails.

abounding vigor and the sweep of powerful intellect appear in much that he writes. As a debater he showed himself a worthy opponent for Borah in their grapple on the subject of prohibition at Boston. Dr. Butler's main literary faults, like those of Presidents of the United States, are the faults of overproduction. In the odd moments that he can snatch from manifold affairs, he has the literary output of a whole battery of hacks; in consequence, dilution and pomposity appear at times in his utterances. There is a crackle and sting to sentences such as "A crusade on behalf of temperance, which begins by making temperance a crime, is, to say the least, a puzzling phenomenon," but the fatigue of an overworked sage manifests itself in such epigrams as "The major problem of human society is to combine that degree of liberty without which law is tyranny with that degree of law without which liberty becomes license." Only a tired oracle could have spoken in the following fashion, as Dr. Butler did at an Argentine peace rally in this city last year: "Perhaps our greatest hope in the present day comes from those improvements in transportation and communication which make possible individual contacts between units of the several nations such as those we are making on this occasion, for through these individual contacts we come to reinterpret our international problems in terms sufficiently small to be capable of comprehension, units which approach our daily conversation."

THROUGH his commanding presence and the power of his delivery, Dr. Butler can lift his hearers out of their seats with sentences like the foregoing. He could be a capable demagogue, because of his ability to carry audiences away by his rare emotional outbursts. Odd touches of sentiment and old-school melodrama occasionally decorate his oratory. He once informed admirers, at a dinner in his honor, that, if they opened him, they would find "Columbia" written on his heart. In another speech, after asking himself a rhetorical question, he turned on himself with: "No; a thousand times no." It has been charged that he sometimes expresses himself in movie titles. "If Abélard came back" was the caption of a section of an annual report in which he described the chagrin which the old schoolmaster would experience at the pathetic state of classical scholarship today. Typical Butler lines are: "And there comes to us across the

« Something NEW *for an old old* GAME . . !



IF you haven't seen these shining black and white phenox men, round or square (with rounded corners), you don't know how much fun backgammon can be. They are exclusive with Macy's, and are the pride of our lives. We have everything you need for backgammon, and are giving you a few of the prices.

Cork-faced board, in colors (1½")	$4.64
" " " " (1¾")	7.94
1½" phenox men, round or square	5.94
1¾" phenox men, round or square	7.44
2 leather dice cups	1.18
4 dice	.36
1 black doubling block . . .	.94

FIFTH FLOOR

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York

ages the mocking cry, 'Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye die.'"

"To what port are you sailing each one? Quo vadis?"

"Oh, it is so easy to run with the crowd."

"We are like ships without rudders."

"Not the clamor of the crowd, however angry and however emphatic, but what Sir Thomas Browne quaintly called 'the judgment of the judicious' is the true standard of merit."

"Thrift is the bridge to enable what is now labor to become capital."

"To the cynic life is empty."

"Understanding builds up, ignorance tears down."

As a phrase-coiner he holds the rights on "the changeless chart of time," "the anger of the shotted gun," "the murky clouds of cruel relentless war," "the thunderous boom of cannon," "the panorama of civilization." He makes Latin wisecracks occasionally and once publicly mourned the impoverished state of learning indicated by the dearth of laughter over his pun that Colonel House's memoirs were an "Oratio pro Domo." A fabulous memory sometimes dominates his style, causing him to fix dates in the following offhand way: "Ever since that day, something more than two and a quarter centuries ago, when Lord Cornbury advised Queen Anne and the government of Great Britain that—" etc., etc. Dr. Butler's foibles are those of a pundit since infancy, the mannerisms of a Roman emperor whose weaknesses have been applauded as much as his strength; but this does not prevent his considered utterances from being marked by robust energy, sagacity, imagination, and, occasionally, a certain rugged grace.

"The unfailing ability to take the broad rather than the narrow view of the case" is the characteristic of Dr. Butler, according to Professor E. R. A. Seligman's address on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Butler's presidency of Columbia. The record bears this out pretty well. A big man, a man of monumental achievement is Nicholas Murray Butler. He can afford to be a trifle odd now and then.

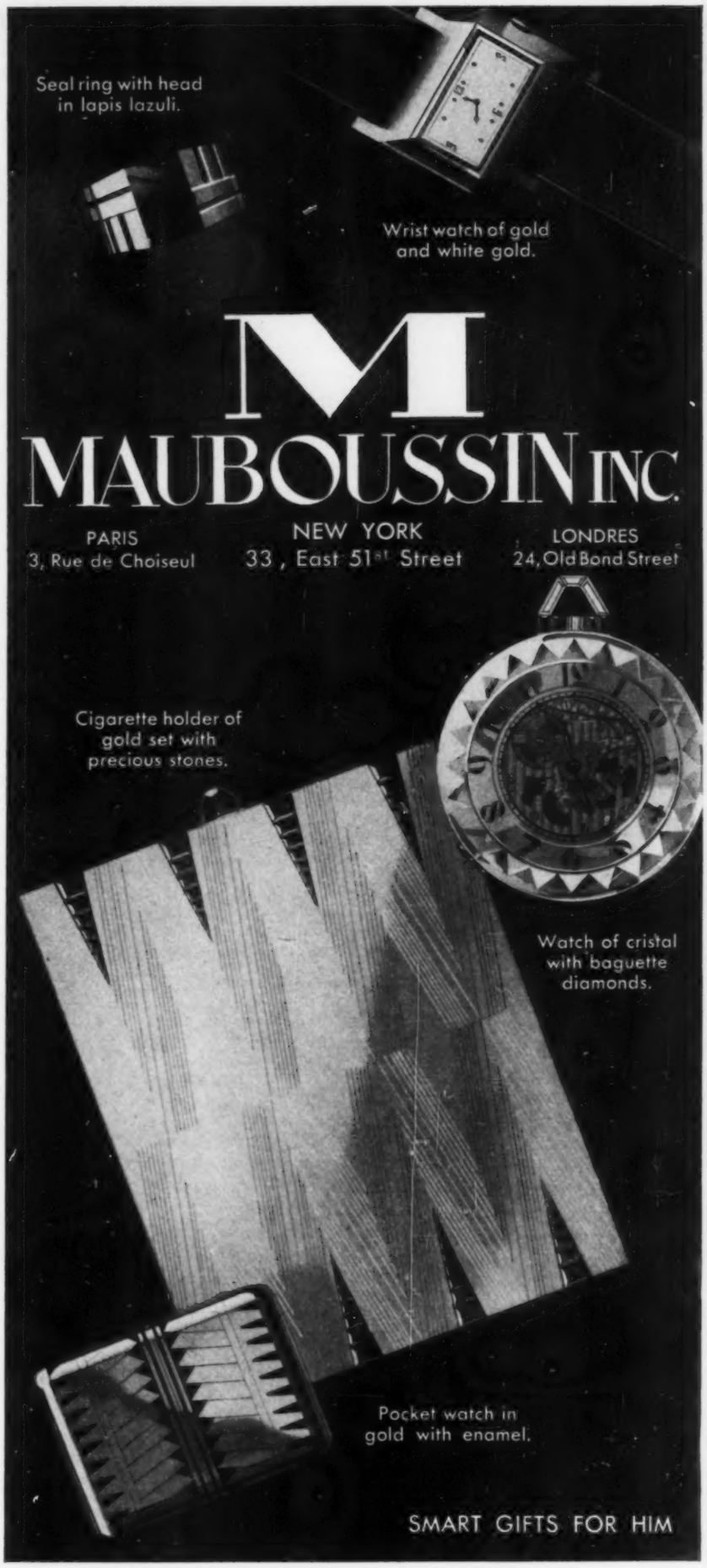
—Alva Johnston

(This is the second of two articles on Dr. Butler.)

•

An artistically designed chair, upholstered in mahogany.—*From an adv. in the Washington Star.*

To sit on during the hard times.


Seal ring with head in lapis lazuli.
Wrist watch of gold and white gold.
M
MAUBOUSSIN INC.
PARIS
3, Rue de Choiseul
NEW YORK
33, East 51st Street
LONDRES
24, Old Bond Street
Cigarette holder of gold set with precious stones.
Watch of cristal with baguette diamonds.
Pocket watch in gold with enamel.
SMART GIFTS FOR HIM

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LOST HEIR

IT all began on a February day in 1896, when a child was born in Washington under the most extraordinary circumstances. Now it has come, at last, to that ultimate harbor of great mysteries, the law—and at the next session, if you have a mind, you may wander into the Chancery Court in Newark where the thirteen Emery-will claimants have been sitting at the bar: each insisting he was that child born and so curiously abandoned on a winter morning thirty-four years ago, each insisting he is the rightful heir to the three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars left in trust by Old Man Emery. If you had been in the courtroom, you might have heard Albert Childress of Los Angeles tell a pathetic story of peddling newspapers for the support of a man and woman whom he called his parents, when something insisted to him constantly that he was of better blood than they. Or you might have heard James Nicholson of Baltimore demonstrate his tenor voice to prove that he has inherited the talents of one of the oddest fathers who ever lived. But perhaps it will make a more orderly story, in this place, if we start fairly at the beginning and come in proper time to our courtroom scene, on which the curtain was lifted a few days ago.

IN 1895, then, William E. Emery was the first citizen of Flemington, New Jersey, a pleasant little town not far from Newark. He had made six million dollars out of a Kansas City department store, and returned to the place of his birth for rest. He built Rose Lodge, an imposing home surrounded by formal gardens and a low stone wall, just opposite the Presbyterian church. He was the revered millionaire of the county, and he had two daughters—daughters who, in those days, surely were called dashing young heiresses. The first was May and the second was Florence.

We do not know how Florence met Frank Georger, for there is where the mystery begins, but we know that he was a debonair fellow who sang tenor in the glee club at Yale. There was romance, certainly, for they were married in Brooklyn on July 15, 1895, but it was romance under a dark star of one sort or another, for the two married under assumed names: as Florence Baker and Fred Gray.

This wedding was successfully concealed from Mr. Emery, and two months later they were married a second time, with appropriate ceremony and elegance in the reception hall at Rose Lodge, and we may fancy the small drama of those two months: the scheming of the clandestine bride, the shrewdly-thought little plans, the touching gestures of grief and humility which finally won over a crotchety old millionaire to the man of his daughter's choice. The Georgers set up an establishment close to the Emery home in Flemington.

They remained very quiet until January of 1896, when they left for a visit to Washington. They were gone about three weeks, and when they returned Mrs. Georger did not seem well. But rest gave her health again, the life between New York and the country home settled into a routine, and the Washington visit faded from the memories of those in the family. The true story of that visit was not heard until August, 1928, when Mrs. Georger died. She did not, as it happens, die as Mrs. Georger. She divorced the former Yale tenor (who is also dead) after a few years of life with him and married Henry E. Billings, a New York jeweller.

When Mrs. Billings, then, lay on her deathbed, she called in a few friends and the family lawyer, and rid herself of the secret that she held close for thirty-two years. On that memorable trip to Washington, she told them, she had given birth to a boy.

This was her story:

WHEN they knew that they were to have a child, so soon after the Rose Lodge wedding, they were terrified of her father's anger, for when he learned of the child he must be told, also, of the secret marriage in Brooklyn. Georger felt sure of the reaction that would follow—a fierce resentment toward himself, a new will, probably a refusal to recognize the child at all. He convinced her, after long discussions, that it would be best if Mr. Emery never heard of the child, and he convinced her also that such a thing was possible.

It was one of those preposterous Vic-

"Aw lissen, turn it off! Whotha'ell wants to go on a verbal journey wit' a baroness?"

Values beyond compare — Philco Balanced-Unit QUALITY THROUGHOUT—Console is genuine Walnut and Bird's-Eye Maple trimmed with African Zebra wood—7-tube Screen Grid Receiver (3 screen grid tubes) — Electro-Dynamic Speaker — No "Cross-Talk" in tuning — All-Electric, plugs into any AC light socket ready to play — 33¾ inches high, 19 inches wide — Full-sized radio PERFORMANCE.
(*Tubes extra; all Baby Grands sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes*)

Big news, big performance...
PHILCO BABY GRAND CONSOLE $69.50

Baby Grand Console
$69.50 *less tubes*

THE Philco Baby Grand Console is the FIRST full-fledged, fine-toned, big-performing Screen Grid Radio ever produced in a handsome cabinet at this price. It has the QUALITY which has made "Philco" mean the *best that can be made.*

It is produced in response to tremendous public acceptance of the Philco Baby Grand—announced only a few weeks ago and already the largest-selling radio in the world.

Here, in this new Baby Grand Console is the same marvelously engineered receiver with exclusive Philco circuit; good distance ability to bring you the programs you want; high sensitivity to separate the programs, and NO CROSS-TALK.

PHILCO BABY GRAND
Same wonderful chassis; Walnut Cabinet, $49.50

Philco Baby Grands have a wealth of fine tone because their electrical units are *exactly balanced* just as in the larger Philcos. The reception is true to life; clear; never blurred, *never distorted.*

The beautiful fine tone, high selectivity and power, exclusive 7-tube screen grid circuit with genuine electro-dynamic speaker is almost unbelievable in such cabinets and at such prices.

And as an EXTRA Radio Set

With a lively family party in the parlor dancing to the jazz programs, how wonderful if Mother, perhaps, can enjoy some fine music upstairs with a Philco Baby Grand as the EXTRA radio set. For the guest room, it is hospitality supreme. For that boy or girl at college; for the "den"; for the children's room; and as the gift for all occasions, Philco Baby Grands step in to fill a long-felt want.

See Nearest Philco Dealer For FREE Trial Today

Don't wait. The demand for these sets is already tremendous—and growing. If YOU want a Baby Grand see your dealer at once.

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Arrange with him for a free demonstration in your home. The complete Philco line of Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys, and Radio-Phonographs is priced from $49.50 to $350. All prices less tubes. Available for AC or DC current and in a battery set.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Philco Radios, Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

Greatest Musical Event of the Air
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA in three Philco Radio Concerts
November 16 — Christmas Day — Easter Sunday

Stokowski, outstanding genius of the conductor's baton, has created a new broadcasting method which in his words "makes the broadcast of the modern orchestra even more eloquent than the same music in the concert hall." Tune in for

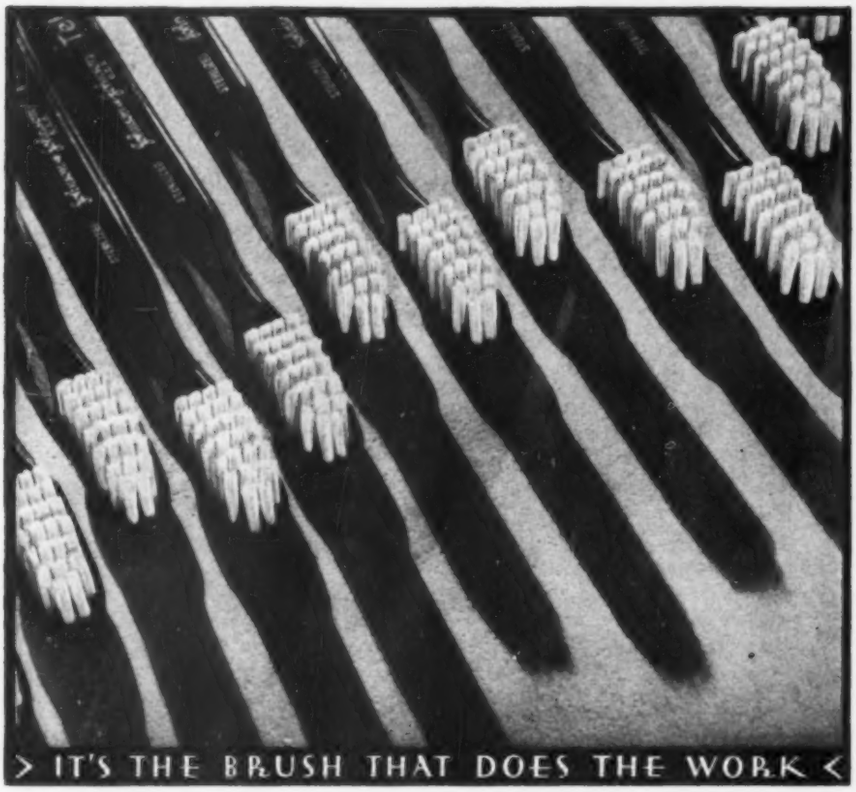
Record-Breaking Coast-to-Coast Hookup, from
5 to 6 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, over NBC network

Watch radio page of your newspaper for further announcements

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING AND MOST COMPLETE RADIO LINE

When John Perfetto plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, Tuesday evenings over the Columbia Network, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the distorted* tone *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

BRISTLING WITH ACTION



Tek goes to work from the first brush stroke. Spring and snap and cleaning-power are in its snow-white bristles. Designed with ingenious precision, Tek puts all its bristle-tufts into action on every curve of your dental arch . . . even behind the front teeth. It sweeps clean. And, automatically, the extra width of Tek's brush-head massages and invigorates your gums. Tek-*sercise* is a new technique unequaled in its benefits to your teeth, gums and health.

Sealed in a windowed container where it may be seen without being touched . . . your Tek tooth brush comes to you in perfect condition . . . sterilized . . . ready to use. Tek 50c. With dental floss in handle 75c. Tek, Jr. 35c. Pastel Lucite handles. Guaranteed by the world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

torian situations, and they went about the solution of it in preposterous Victorian fashion.

They went slipping off to Washington, and soon after their arrival the baby was born in a private hospital. It was less than six hours old—she had not even thought to give it a name—when Georger appeared at her bedside with a woman named Sophie Landgraf. He announced that all arrangements were made, and he put the baby into Miss Landgraf's arms. "Lose it, somewhere in the world," he told her. "Forget its identity. Never let him know his real name."

With the baby in her arms, Sophie Landgraf walked out of the room and into oblivion, and the mother never heard of her or the child again.

When this story and its heavy burden were lifted from her mind, Florence Emery died, and immediately a problem faced the lawyer who had listened to the narrative. For William Emery, who had died in 1912, left a trust fund of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his two daughters, the principal to be divided among their children when the mothers were dead. Vivian Cornelius, the only child of May Emery, had received half of the fund on the death of his mother in England. The remaining half, released now with the death of Florence, would also have gone to Cornelius as the only surviving grandchild of William Emery but for the deathbed narrative—but for this suddenly revealed chance that somewhere on earth another grandson of William Emery might be alive and lost beneath the crushing burden of a wrong name.

THE Bankers Trust Company, executors of the estate, undertook the search for the lost heir. Advertisements were placed in newspapers in every city of every civilized country, and Vivian Cornelius came on from his home in Surrey to fight the impostors who were certain to appear. Of course, the first investigation was at Washington. But Florence Emery had forgotten the name of the private hospital, and a search of all records failed to disclose a clue. She had remembered the doctor's name, Ralph Walsh. But it was learned that he died in 1914, and his records were long since destroyed. Nowhere could a trace of Sophie Landgraf be found.

Within a year after the appearance of the advertisements, a hundred men had come forward as claimants of the little fortune, and here dimly revealed

A Fashion in Flannel for Southern Resort Wear

You haven't seen many of them yet... these gaily informal little jumper frocks in Botany Flannel. But it's one of those imperative fashions you'll be obliged to follow to be chic. Especially if the holidays find you headed for southern suns. The fabric, of course, is Botany Flannel, that thoroughly comfortable and always refreshing medium for correct sports wear.

BOTANY
TWO HUNDRED · FIFTH AVE

Sports frock and accessories by courtesy of Saks-Fifth Avenue

it's still worthwhile to buy clothes

Every November since the machine-age began, smart women have swallowed their disappointment • and admitted that their new suits were to be found in six shops at six prices • and seen on six friends.

Life doesn't *have* to be like that.

And every December débutantes have appeared at the same parties in the same dresses • bursting upon society • looking exactly alike.

Life needn't be like that, either.

Really one doesn't have to walk from shop to shop being shown new versions of the same model. One has only to walk to 8 West 56th Street to Hawes, Inc., and spend a pleasant hour being reassured about Life • while Hawes' original collection passes in review.

The débutante can preserve her illusions • by letting Hawes design her a special coming-out dress • not eccentric • nor, Heaven forbid, artistic • merely individual.

As to the disillusioned lady • Hawes, Inc. cordially invites her to come and drown her sorrow in a cup of tea at 4:30 • and possibly be tempted by an evening dress or a new winter suit • in which she will never encounter even her most charming friend.

It's still worthwhile to buy clothes • from

Elizabeth Hawes

HAWES INC., EIGHT WEST FIFTY SIXTH STREET NEW YORK

to us for a moment is a fragment of the most melancholy legion of the world: the men who do not know their names. Each of the hundred was a foundling of one sort or another, a lost sheep of the world carrying always a dogging speculation in his thoughts. Most of the claimants were hopeful of establishing an identity rather than avaricious for the money, but discrepancies in age quickly reduced the number of possibilities to thirteen—thirteen men who were thirty-four years old, whose parents confessed that they were adopted as babies, who could, conceivably, have been born in Washington on February 11, 1896.

And of the thirteen, the hearings in the Chancery Court indicate but three who will persist to the end in their claims. The remaining ten, still spectators, have suggested that their evidence is too slim to warrant a long-drawn battle. The three are Childress, Nicholson, and Leo Sova of Milwaukee.

NICHOLSON has presented the general outline of his basis for claim: In 1916, an aunt named Mrs. Warner told him that the Nicholsons were not his real parents, that he was actually the son of a rich woman and that something nice would come to him one day. The Nicholsons laughed at the story and said that Mrs. Warner was a queer old woman who would say anything. But in 1918, when he enlisted in the Marines, the Nicholsons could not give him a birth certificate and finally admitted that he was an adopted child. They professed to have no notion of his true identity.

Nicholson called upon the court to note the remarkable resemblance between himself and Vivian Cornelius. He demonstrated that his thumbs were double-jointed, produced witnesses who remembered that Frank Georger's thumbs were double-jointed, and produced also X-ray experts and physicians who testified that this was a genuine characteristic in him, a characteristic furthermore that was always hereditary. Nicholson said that he sang tenor, and had witnesses to prove that Georger sang tenor in the Yale quartet. Miss Eleanor Kate, daughter of a former matron of the Washington Foundling Hospital, testified that Nicholson was received at the hospital in March, 1896, when very young, under the name of James Marsden. Her mother told her of the child, remarking upon it because of its "fine parentage and legitimate birth." But the records

TUESDAY—the day when King Alfred let the cakes burn and, in order to pacify his irate landlady, ate the whole batch; thus by royal endorsement, sowing the seeds of the present popularity of Zwieback. Tuesday is also the day when no one, who knows about it, forgets to tune in on WABC at 8:45 p.m. to hear The Premier Chef and his Salad Dressers, the liveliest 15 minute musical program of the week.

It's Tuesday..

the London Notch
English to the last stitch . . . the London Notch combines the easy comfort of the English cut with the snug-fit effect now in preference.
Tailored-to-measure or Ready-for-wear
$58 and more
Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue, New York
Entrance on 46th Street

of the Washington Foundling Hospital give January 21, 1896, as the birthday of James Marsden—three weeks before the Georger infant was born.

Childress has a more humble story, and one that takes Sophie Landgraf into account. After peddling papers for a lifetime and living in a squalid flat, he saw the advertisement of the executors. It matched instantly with a doubt of his identity that he had carried all his life, and he challenged his parents. They agreed at once that he was adopted, and told the story of his beginnings:

In 1890, they said, Robert Childress married a chambermaid in a Boston hotel. Six years later, still childless, they passed through Washington and met Sophie Landgraf, herself a chambermaid in the same hotel at the time of the Childress marriage. They mourned their failure to have a child, and Sophie Landgraf immediately offered to give them one that was in her charge. She did, indeed, produce the child and told them to take it away from Washington at once. They went to Los Angeles, happy in the possession of their handsome baby boy.

In support of this story, Childress has produced a photograph which his mother swears is a portrait of Sophie Landgraf, presented to her when they were working together in Boston. The picture, she says, was given to her in 1885—but witnesses for Cornelius are ready to swear that the paper on which the photograph is printed did not come into use until 1890.

As this is written, Sova has had no opportunity to present his evidence.

UNDER contemplation it is a tragedy, and it is an idiotic sort of tragedy. It is fantastic to be reminded that the incredibly absurd behavior of those people out of the age of innocence, their fantastic notions of decency and their amazing talent for complicating the most simple situations—it is fantastic to be reminded that such things can strike down through all these enlightening years and become an urgent problem in a courtroom. But those were the days, after all, when a woman respected her husband and her father and believed in a dutiful obedience. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

He much preferred sitting around with his friends—over a good dinner and its concomitants.—*Karl K. Kitchen in the Sun.*

Shall we all have another little concomitant?

On the "BREMEN"

Hartmann Trunks are Conspicuously the Favorites among Seasoned Travellers

Stateroom on S. S. Bremen

AT a recent docking of the S. S. Bremen, investigations showed an overwhelming preference for Hartmann Trunks and Luggage among those who make their crossings smartly. Not alone, no doubt, for their swagger lines and colorful finishes, but for their staunch ruggedness and the amazing convenience they afford.

You'll find Hartmann things in matched groups and a galaxy of sizes, models and prices. On the boat they'll travel invariably in your stateroom...the ancient 14-inch limitation now applying solely to those rooms shared by individuals not of your own party.

If you'd like, Hartmann will be glad to furnish you with complete details on steamship baggage regulations or other information pertinent to luggage. Write to Hartmann Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

HARTMANN TRUNKS

At Most Good Shops and Department Stores

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

DRESS OVERCOATS

An unequalled assemblage of velvet collar overcoats of superior style and quality. Single and double-breasted models tailored to our specifications from rich navy blue and Oxford grey cheviots. Full silk lined.

$64

FIFTH AVE. AT 43d ST.
BROADWAY AT 32d ST.

And other easily reached shops in Greater New York

STORIES OF TODAY

ON THE JOB

Pretty Mary Novac,
Of Fayette, Pennsylvania,
Publicly advertised
She would marry any man
For eight thousand dollars,
And received twenty offers.

She also received
Hundreds of letters
From other girls,
Who earnestly asked her
For the names and addresses
Of those she turned down.

PRECOCITY

A proposal to grant
Free street-car fares
To school-children
In the City of Washington
Was strenuously opposed
By Henry W. Lynn,
Street-railway expert.

He said it would only
Give the pupils more money
With which to buy liquor.

POINTED

A department store
In Paris, France,
Has removed the signs
Telling its customers
To "Beware of Pickpockets,"

And in their place
Substituted others
Telling them to "Beware
Of American Customs Spies."

FOR ART'S SAKE

A charter was granted
To a new organization
In Miami, Florida—
The Improved Pallbearers
Of America.

Their purpose is
To study and foster
The art of genteel
And cultured pallbearing.

IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN MANNER

The Czechoslovak Army
Is the most highly officered
In the whole world.

A recent census
Shows one commissioned officer
For every five soldiers,
And one general
For every eighty officers.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

How would You feel?

Suppose YOU had to climb up onto chairs and sofas . . . and eat at tables you could scarcely see over. How would YOU feel? Imagine then how pleased your children would be with furniture *exactly* scaled to their diminutive dimensions. We have everything for them that their elders have . . . even secretaries and highboys. Genuine antiques, sturdy reproductions, colorful peasant pieces. Also toys and educational playthings. Come in and see our delightful shop.

CHILDHOOD, INC.
32 E. 65th St., New York
Send for Christmas Folder No. 44 of children's furniture and unusual toys

NUDITY
is not art in a
RADIATOR

A bare radiator sometimes typifies comfort but never beauty. Artistically concealed by the smart looking Coverator, it becomes an attractive piece of furniture finished in baked enamel to match your decorative scheme.

Coverators are strongly built of prime furniture steel with concealed humidifying pan to keep the air properly moist. Guard your health and add to the beauty of your home by installing the

COVERATOR
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sold direct at factory prices and under manufacturer's own service guarantee.

Write or phone for our interesting catalog Y.

Steelcraft COVERATOR Company, Inc.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
643 Lexington Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.
Telephone FOXcroft 0411

Greenwich Village

1½, 2 and 3 rooms, new building, located 1 block from 7th Ave. subway, with every modern convenience; elevators, gas refrigeration, incinerators, sunray Health glass, textured finish walls, wood-burning fireplaces, arched openings, colored bathrooms. Ready for immediate occupancy. Agent on premises.

22 Grove Street

The Baby Grand in walnut, $1625, in decorative scheme by Everett Henry.
There are Steinway cases inspired by all the famous periods of decoration.

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Of the STEINWAY, *Paderewski says: "Its supreme qualities have been for many years universally recognized"*

THE ROOM in which we live and entertain our friends really is an index to the quality of our culture. It is a personal place devoted to the pictures and furniture that seem significant to us and please our tastes. What does the critical eye find there? In the picture-frame on the wall, for instance . . . does this contain just any picture? Or does it hold a bright record of a soaring spirit? And the major piece of furniture in the room . . . is it an object of art that will set an exacting standard for everything else that may seek shelter there?

Such an object of art is the Steinway, a distinguished nucleus about which an important room may be beautifully and securely built. Its fine woods, turned and tooled by hereditary craftsmen, its polished ivory, its varied, graceful designs have made of it for generations a traditional part of the cultured family's environment. And the Steinway is much more than a superb inspiration for a decorative scheme. It is the romance-stirring instrument with which virtually every great musician from Wagner to Rachmaninoff has solaced his spirit or built his career. It is the rugged, long-lived instrument upon which two or three generations of children may achieve an authentic introduction to a civilizing art. . . . And it is the gallant instrument that responds as sensitively to a young girl singing shyly to her lover, as to the virtuoso interpreting an immortal masterpiece. Yet the incomparable Steinway . . . upright, grand, period model . . . is sold in a manner that places it within reach of even the modest income.

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, Nov. 5

OWING to the momentary war scare, there was some debate about the propriety of the French capital's swarming out to hail a Teuton, Richard Strauss, in his three personally conducted galas here. However, hearing him just before the last war seemed to furnish precedent for hearing him again just before the next, and for three evenings the politics of the Balkans were left to their own devices while Paris attended "Die Rosenkavalier" and "Salome" at the Opéra and a group of concert pieces at the Champs-Élysées.

In 1914 Strauss came here to supervise his enchanting ballet, "Josephslegende," which has never been heard from since; when "Le Chevalier à la Rose" finally reached Paris, only a few seasons ago, it was put on under the aegis of the Wiener Opera. Its latest performance, since it was directed by its creator, was thus, so far as true authority is concerned, its first.

The audience was mixed and fashionable, its cosmopolitan quality a truly touching compliment to the cross and dignified man from Vienna. While diamonds and tailcoats of the first French water decorated the boxes, in the upper side loges and from the gallery leaned Boers from the Transvaal, Annamites, fat Dutch planters fresh from Java, Russian taxi-drivers, Bavarians, a Danish bridal party, and one Esquimau. Whatever Wilhelmstrasse and the Quai d'Orsay decide in the immediate future, at any rate Paris and Vienna—not to speak of representatives from various ententes besides—put in three evenings of pleasure and peace in the Strauss galas.

OF similar binational interest was the recent visit of Erich-Maria Remarque. As the first interview the young Westphalian had ever submitted to, anywhere, and containing to boot his statement that, on his conscience and soul, no one in Germany desires war, Remarque's remarks made considerable stir. More informative even than his pacifism was his confession that he is a best-seller who wishes he were not. In summary he said: "I never

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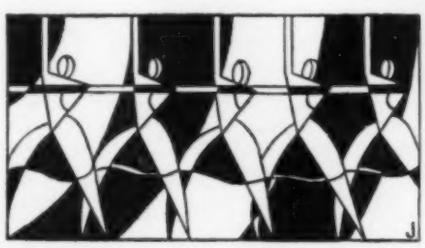
read a single review of 'All Quiet on the Western Front;' I do not believe in inspiration in literature; I wish everyone would forget I have written a book and treat me not as a writer but as a man. Before my success my friends invited me to cordial intimacy; now they are flanked by strangers come to stare at me as at a curious animal. Formerly, when I went away for six months, my friends were glad to see me return; now, if I have forgotten to write to one of them, I am greeted with wounded pride. I do not think writing is my real vocation; if I wrote a book, it was because I was pushed solely by the need of seriously discussing with myself a problem which touched me personally. When I was seventeen years old, I wanted to be a composer. I never meant to write a war book; the very night before I started I didn't dream of writing . . . a book whose unique advantage to me lies in its having given me financial independence. For you know"—he explained—"that, alas, I must live six months of the year in Switzerland because of my lungs." He added that he is a Beethoven fanatic and that his literary success, "which has no importance, which proves nothing, has upset my whole life, which now I must put in order."

In case you do not already know, the first sign of order will be his second opus, called "The Road Back," which, in December, and on the same day all over the world, will start appearing in serial form in leading journals in every civilized land.

THEATRICALLY, it's probably a good thing to have the bad plays over with early in the season. For this reason, certainly for no other, it is probably as well that Baty's "L'Opéra de Quat' Sous" made its appearance early in the year. Despite the presence of Marguerite Jamois, late of "Maya" and "Hamlet," the Théâtre de Montparnasse's French version of Brecht's Viennese version of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was a signal failure here. Kurt Weill's "resolutely modern music"—as the program calls it—may have helped make the grand old



"Great Scotch!" she cried

as she opened the Bradka and hung it on their stateroom door. "But see here, dear," said Tony, the opportunist, "your shoe case is the only thing I know that will carry our liquid wardrobe upright." "That's because mine is a Bradka—which is designed so that every pair of shoes—shoes, I said—fits into its own protective pocket without the need of extra wrappings." "But darling," said Tony, stepping out of range of flying missiles, "What means shoes to the goose may mean sauce to the gander!"

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show go in Berlin, but the original plot and tunes, last given here in an alley theatre in the late seventeen-hundreds, were good enough for Paris in general then, and it's a great pity they aren't good enough for the Théâtre de Montparnasse in particular today.

Along with the failures, it's doubtless equally healthy to have the successes firmly established before it gets too cold for one to make up one's mind. Paris has one such firm success in Alfred Savoir's "La Petite Catherine." Two significant attributes have materially aided the booming of this utterly unhistorical Russian play about the bridal night of Catherine the Great. One is the solemnity with which Mme. Gontcharova has dressed the characters physically, and the other is the wit with which Savoir has denuded them spiritually. "La Petite Catherine" is possibly no play for a nice young girl to take her mother to, but if either of them wishes to go with a friend of her own age, they can be their age for a couple of hours of giddy relaxation.

THE adulation Paris offered Coste and Bellonte wasn't a patch on the welcome New York gave them after they flew the Atlantic, or even on what Paris tendered them before that. The rumor of the departure of the men threw the city in an uproar; the fact of their return here brought out principally the police along their line of march. Too much had been printed, radioed, rotogravured, filmed; the public, except for the determined fans who milled around the municipal ceremonies at the Hôtel de Ville, was proud but fed up, and, it being Saturday afternoon, went home to read, probably about Coste and Bellonte. Schoolboys were given a special half-holiday which permitted them to get in some autumn tennis and, since the fliers disembarked in his neighborhood on a Friday, the good Archbishop of Rouen gave a dispensation for meat-eating to his entire diocese, a pretty gastronomic compliment to men who had flown the Atlantic on a diet of unripe bananas. However, as Coste said over the microphone at Curtiss Field some weeks ago: ". . . *sommes arrivés*." —GENÊT

•

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Probably not so much anxiety as repression.

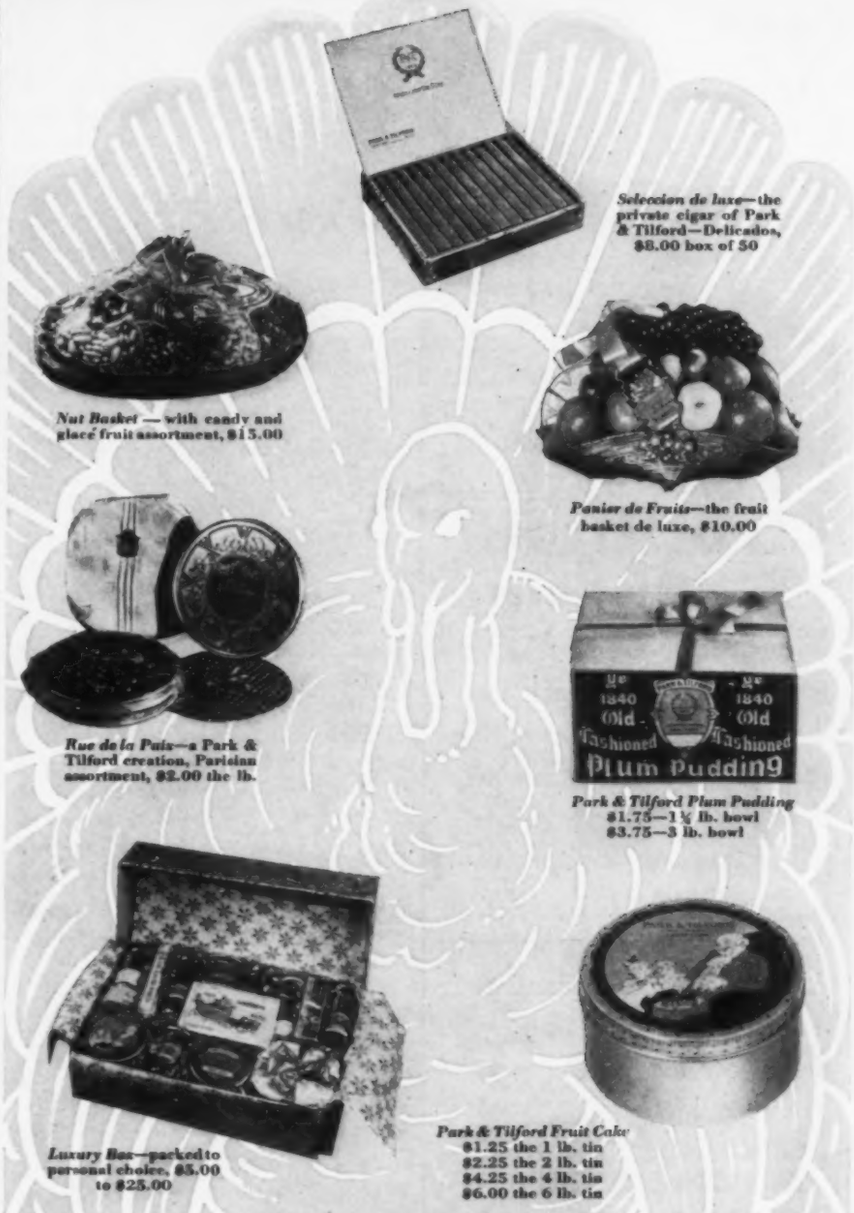
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Flying Dutchman Sails Again—Pianists, Pianists, Pianists—And Still More Pianists

BY way of giving momentum to the opera season, the Metropolitan revived at the end of its first week Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," which had not been heard in town since the visit of the hapless company that left behind it such brilliant additions to our current personnel as Mme. Fleischer and Mr. Schorr. The overture has become almost as ubiquitous as "Poet and Peasant," and piano transcriptions of the Spinning Song may be heard occasionally; but to many of the newer operagoers, "Der Fliegende Holländer" was a novelty.

I WONDER whether this piece ever would be exhumed if it were not an early composition of Wagner. It would be safe to wager one of those apples they sell at every corner that "Der Fliegende Holländer" would be as inert as a Wagnerian basso if it were not the product of a master. Whatever its claims to a place in the repertoire, it is good theatre, and for those of us who enjoy the case-histories of musicians, a revival of an early effort always is pleasurable.

Here is Wagner, almost unrefined. "The Dutchman" is nearly as bald as "Rienzi," and it is fascinating to observe the composer experimenting with *leitmotifs* and other devices which were within a few years to become his staples. The themes are projected repeatedly to underscore dramatic situations. The development is sketchy—but the use of the bold phrase which characterizes the Dutchman invariably is effective. The little song of the Steersman foreshadows the call from the mast in "Tristan und Isolde." Senta is, in many ways, a robust study for Elsa and Elisabeth. Daland, the father with the beautiful daughter who may be given in marriage without much investigation of the prospective husband's habits and customs, is a forebear of Pogner. The whole opera, in fact, suggests many parallels of this order, and even the imperfect Wagnerite will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discover many items of interest in "Der Fliegende Holländer."

SERGE SOUDEIKINE, whose "Sadko" settings started sundry sermons last season, designed the revival, and if he did not always include the Scandinavian in his scenery, he managed to load plenty of color on the stage. To those who are better versed in ships and sails I must refer any technical examination of his masts and mainbraces; but even one whose nautical experience is bounded on the south by the Staten Island ferry and on the north by the catamarans in Central Park can be suspicious of the manner in which the Dutchman's ship zipped up against the rocks, gave three merry clinks, and sat tight.

There were two newcomers in the cast—Ivar Andresen, a compendious bass who did not, on this occasion, sound as well as he has on imported phonograph records; and Hans Clemens, a lyric tenor who sings with so much skill that he ought not to be confined to secondary rôles. It may be noted that he is not tall enough for heroic parts, but possibly something more than physical stature might be considered. Here, in any event, seems to be a genuine artist—that almost unbelievable thing, a German tenor who doesn't sound like one.

MR. SCHORR, who had appeared as the Dutchman with the unfortunate visitors some nine years ago, was thoroughly in his element, even if some of his top tones suffered from *Sturm und Drang*. His acting, as usual, was pictorial rather than plastic, but he made even the bombastic entrance aria carry conviction. Mr. Laubenthal, as the persistent lover, was up to his usual standard, and the capable Mme. Telva had no difficulties with the music of Mary.

As Senta, Mme. Jeritza was not felicitously cast. Her headdress was hardly alluring, and at the outset of her ballad in the second act, she was searching vainly for the pitch. After a while, she seemed to feel more at home and

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sang with a certain finesse, but such static business as Senta is not down her alley.

The chorus, as usual, was excellent, but the orchestra surprised the painstaking Mr. Bodanzky with a few sour blasts. Mr. Bodanzky, by the way, led the overture "from the pit" and resisted the temptation to make a concert piece of it. It wasn't the way in which we are used to hearing the overture played, but it established a mood for the opening scene—which, I think, is one of the functions of an overture.

AS predicted hereabouts, this is one of the richest years in piano-playing. Within a week it was possible to hear such eminences as Paderewski, Gabrilowitsch, Iturbi, Levitzki, Smeterlin, and Copeland; and a youngster of unusual talents, Sidney Sukoenig, also gave a recital.

Mr. Smeterlin, making his American début, suffered perhaps from his setting. In a season less crowded with masters, his gifts would stand out more sharply. He is a well-equipped musician who feels the music that he is playing—feels it, sometimes, to the detriment of the music itself. He has restraint, however, and what he plays is indisputably his own idea—which is to say that, in spite of certain vagaries, his performance has the ring of authenticity.

The return of Mr. Sukoenig drew an astonishingly large audience, and the youthful pianist manifested something more than what they once called "promise." When the going gets heavy, he wades into the keyboard and fights, a procedure which did not help materially in lightening the thicker passages of the Liszt sonata. However, he is a sound musician, and in his lighter moments he has plenty of charm. His playing of three "perpetual movements" by Poulenc was a distinguished contribution to the early season, and his own variations on an original theme were good enough to warrant another hearing—even by another pianist. Mr. Sukoenig is to be filed for reference.

THE spell of Paderewski lingers. It is not to be expected from a man of seventy that he can outspeed such vivacious young men as Mr. Levitzki or Mr. Iturbi, and there are plenty of notes that, as the Germans say, go under the keyboard. On the other hand, Mr. Paderewski requires no sympathetic indulgence from the listener; his playing may be uneven, but there

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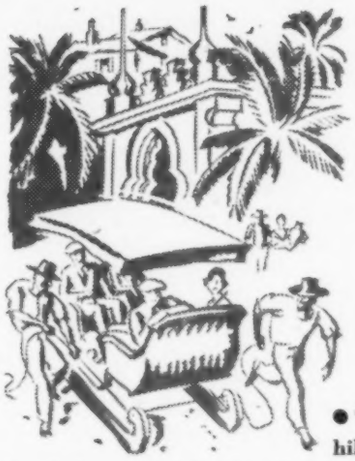

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are so many supreme moments that it is well worth while to hear him. Forget the extra-musical history of the man. Remember only that he was Paderewski, almost alone in his field for many years—and that, musically, he is still Paderewski and still without a duplicate.

Mr. Levitzki appeared as soloist with the National Orchestra Association, successor to the American Orchestral Society. This organization continues its valuable labors, and its conductor, Leon Barzin, is a young man of definite accomplishments. Mr. Levitzki will be heard in recital later on, but it was obvious that he is as delightful as ever. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's only recital of the season was typical of him—a model of sound, sincere pianism. Mr. Iturbi, most interesting of the new piano personalities, was as brilliant as ever, and as sane. It is unlikely that we shall hear a better new pianist for a long time. Mr. Copeland, as always, made most of his contemporaries seem relatively colorless and unoriginal. He declines to jam up his program with "musts." He plays whatever he pleases—and it pleases the rest of us.

A FEW other high spots: Excerpts from "Schwanda" by the Philharmonic-Symphony. . . . Frances Sebel's unusual and effective Spanish and Hungarian songs in costume at the Barbizon-Plaza. . . . Beatrice Belkin's charming "Una Voce Poco Fa" at a Metropolitan Sunday-night concert. . . . Nina Koshetz and her Russian songs at Town Hall. . . . Olga Averino, assisted by Alexander Siloti, in one of the best contrived of recital programs. . . . Ernest Schelling's ingratiating mornings for children with the Philharmonic-Symphony. —R. A. S.

•

We heard of an interesting incident the other day. One of the Junior League girls was sent to help a discouraged woman. There didn't seem much she could do and she decided to go back and report about it. With a sudden inspiration, the girl took her vanity case out of her purse and said: "Do powder your nose and put on a bit of rouge. I'm sure you will feel better." It was a miracle. The disheartened young woman did powder her nose, and started to pick up her tiny flat, an appetizing lunch was procured and from that day the spirit of that little home has improved. Good for the Junior League!—*Betty Alden in the Boston American.*

And hurrah for Elizabeth Arden, Dorothy Gray, and Helena Rubinstein!

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P. S. By the way, I have already collaborated on a play shortly to be produced on Broadway.
HP

FOOTBALL

Yale vs. Princeton—That Notre Dame Game—A Rather Quiet Afternoon

SCATTERED through last Sunday's headlines was additional confirmation of the strong suspicion that Princeton has one of the worst teams in the East—at least among institutions of any real athletic standing. Lehigh was too much for it, and the Navy team, which had made it look like a high-school squad the week before, was thoroughly beaten by Ohio State. Cornell, another victor over Nassau, has been shown to be not so much. Each week the evidence mounts up. At Princeton, I'm told, authorities are not unaware of the situation and have been pursuing the only course left to them: going right back to the beginning and drilling each man in fundamentals.

Yale, on the other hand, has fought fierce draws with teams ranked among the best hereabouts: Army and Dartmouth. Its men are tough and experienced, and it has the incomparable Booth to make the most of its opportunities.

What, then, of this Saturday? It is an interesting question, for the answer is likely to show up football doping once and for all. If Princeton wins, if Princeton even comes anywhere near tying Yale, then this Saturday's prophecies are the prophecies that will end all prophecies. For on paper, or any other way, Yale figures to win by forty, fifty, any number of points. There never has been a more perfect setup, or cleaner-cut form. Saturday afternoon, about three or four o'clock, we'll see if anybody knows anything about football.

I WOULDN'T have believed, until last Saturday, that watching a football game which ended with a 60–20 score could be an exciting, even an emotional, experience. Yet seeing the Pennsylvania-Notre Dame game was both. Nor was pity the major emotion. It was awe at the perfection of that Notre Dame first team which held the spectators breathless. The game was a two-ring circus. On the one hand, Penn's desperate, hopeless hanging-on, its best players cut down, unable to withstand the Notre Dame attack

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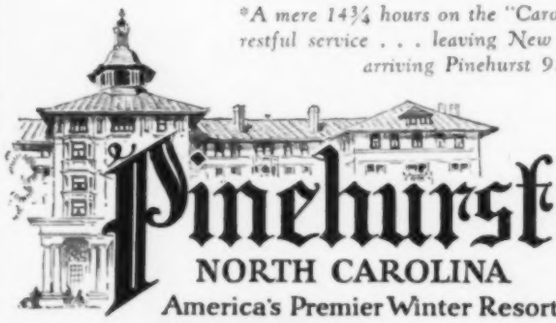

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either mentally or physically, limping off one by one; on the other, a beautifully trained football team, perfect in every function. One couldn't take one's eyes off Notre Dame, one had no feeling left for the poor Pennsylvanians.

The papers made much of Brill, the Notre Dame back who again and again ran through eleven men to a touchdown. The emphasis, perhaps, grew from that ill-founded belief that the crowd must have an individual personality to dramatize. I doubt the necessity, for a team can have a personality as well as an individual. That Notre Dame team had. Brill is a smart running back, but you or I could have made one or two of his runs as well as he. So perfect was his blocking and interference that no man laid a hand on him; he could have trotted down the field carrying an egg in a spoon. You never saw such interference. It formed quickly and mysteriously, it took on speed at once, it struck literally like a hurricane. The Pennsylvania ends and backs went down with a swirling of legs, a clutching of arms, which reminded one of men trying to stand in a gale—and failing.

I never saw a crowd so impressed by those essential but less obvious factors in a game: the blocking and interfering. In the train back they talked like a group of old coaches: "Did you see them spill that end?" "They took out everyone but the referee."

THERE has grown up an idea that Notre Dame is a "modern" football team. I'm not sure what that means but I presume "modern" is used to indicate that the football taught in South Bend is the last word in the evolution of the game, the ultimate development of the aërial attack, the perfection of deceit, and the successful use of plays too complicated for lesser masters. Notre Dame is spoken of as playing up-to-date football, in contrast with the old-school football of the Eastern seaboard. The whole idea is as fabulous as the legend that Notre Dame's team is a gang of Irishmen. Pennsylvania, with its triple laterals, and forwards to every point of the compass, was the modern football team—if there is such a thing—on Saturday. It was the Western team which played old-fashioned football. Early in the game, before it had scored, it tried three forward passes. All were batted down. Once ahead, there were no more passes. "Never gamble when you're ahead," preaches Rockne. Notre Dame doesn't monkey around with double-wing-backs, spread

lines, man-in-motion plays. Straight football comes from Indiana, so soundly based on the individual perfection of each player in every fundamental that nothing but an equal thoroughness can match it. And, as has been said before, no Eastern team can equal that thoroughness in the length of time generously allotted it by academic councils.

THE real individual performance of the game was given not by Brill or Carideo or Savoldi or Gentle, but by Penn's left guard, Willson, known to thousands only as "that No. 35." Five feet eight inches tall, weighing 192, and playing guard, twice he ran through the entire Notre Dame team, each time being brought down only because his regrettably short legs could carry him no faster and because backs he had successfully straight-armed were able to get up again and overhaul him from the rear. Picture the most typically built football guard you ever saw toe-dancing like a Booth, reversing his field like a Slagle, and fooling tacklers who must exist only for tackling, they do so thorough a job. That picture represents Mr. Willson on the loose, the individual victory of an inspired man over a machine. Each run began when he, who had no business to catch punts, found one in his arms. The second run was over sixty yards, and two plays later gave Penn its first score.

Notre Dame has apparently begun a new tradition this year, the awarding of a consolation match to its opponents in the last quarter. The second game played in Philadelphia last Saturday, between the Notre Dame and Pennsylvania substitutes, was won cleanly by the latter, two touchdowns to one. Notre Dame's first team had retired; Penn's had been carried off.

G. R. H. reports that Army has probably seen better days this season than last Saturday, but that its game with Illinois was one of those oh-all-right affairs. The backs, he continues, fumbled, the other team recovered, and a good line took care that nothing untoward happened. Illinois had everything to gain and nothing to lose, but even at the end of a scoreless first half the team did not strike one as imaginative enough to become inspired at the idea of moral victories. Zuppke's men played doggedly, without desperation; without degeneration either. After Army's touchdown, scored in the third quarter by a marching attack that uncovered and exploited a weakness on the Illinois left side, the Westerners

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elected to kick off; and kicked off again even after the pass which Stecker intercepted for Army's second touchdown. None of this maudlin we'll-receive-and-start-slinging-passes hysteria in their behavior; hopeless as their running game was, they stuck to it as the only chance of masking the possible touchdown pass. Illinois, in short, had a football team, sober and competent and not good enough.

A FEW weeks ago I went to New Haven to watch a midweek practice. The day was cold and drizzly and the squad ran through signals in the baseball cage. When they trotted off, scrubs and varsity, two other teams took the field: a miscellaneous lot clad in old gray flannels, dirty white knickerbockers, sweatshirts. A noisy lot, too. The game they played was touch football, which you may remember from backyard days: touch a man and he's tackled. The centre passed, every player went into action, and the ball began to fly about—double, triple passes, forwards, three or four laterals on a play. It was great. You've rarely seen such running and passing. And why not? Those sand-lot teams included, among others, such players as Ducky Pond, Adam Walsh, Mal Stevens: the Yale coaching staff with a few ineligibles to pad it out.

It was a gay game, played for the fun of it, to work off an oversupply of energy. When Stevens came off, panting, he joined a group near me. "You know," said Stevens, "that's what football's going to be like in four or five years. Get the ball past the line of scrimmage and open them up, lateral after lateral." I hope I'll see the day, the day teams do open up that way, the day they play with the spirit of those pick-up teams. I'd like to graft those two elements on what, to me, is still an essential part of American football's fascination: the idea of planning your battle in advance and then going on the field and trying your theories out. Rugby has always seemed to have too much of the haphazardness of basketball. If, however, its dash and sweep could be welded on the game we play, that would be another story. And I daresay a good one. —LINESMAN

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YOUNG writer, five years newspaper and editorial, four years college, and two months marital experience, seeks position which may eventually support two.—*Adv. in the Nation.*

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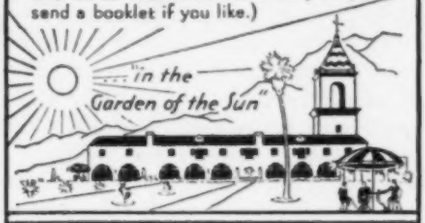

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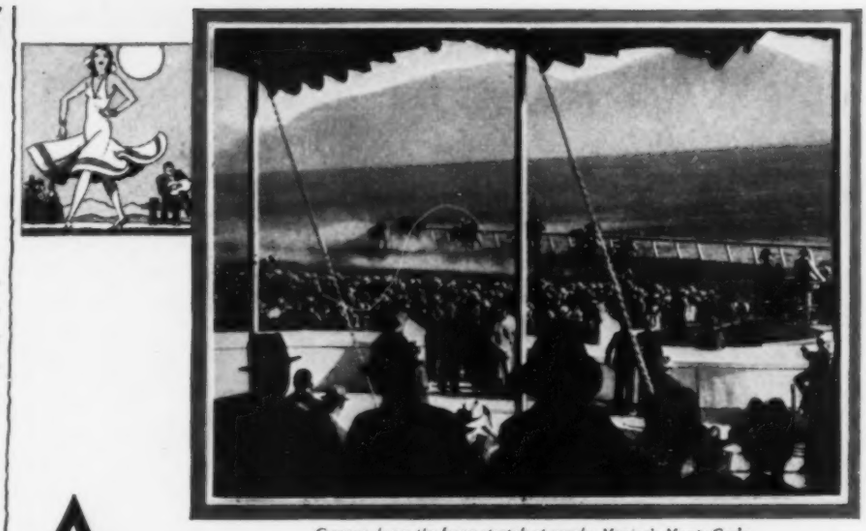
THIS year, in spite of the thrill and uncertainty of the military classes, the first appearance of Chief of Longview east of Kentucky held the greatest interest. To those who follow the Eastern circuit, the Chief's name has been the most famous of them all, though they had never seen him. His friends have always claimed he is faultless in looks and performance; his enemies say he doesn't turn in a performance; everyone who has ever loved a horse, and seen him, has said he is great—as great in his own five-gaited class as Man o' War, Grey Axworthy, Bohemian Actress, and Marlboro were in their divisions. His striking personality always wins him the blue over the nice, clocklike horses, and rightly so.

Mrs. Roth of California, who owns him, and was showing in the East for the first time, is equipped with a stable good and diversified enough to be of importance anywhere. Scarcely a class is unrepresented, and all the horses could consistently be in the ribbons. She should have known about Seaton Pippin when she shipped the harness horses, though, for this really superb mare makes everything, including Juanita, pride of the Coast, look small. A child, and not a wise one, could pin the first ribbon in any class in which Seaton Pippin appears, for she completely dominates all competition the instant she enters the ring. The East can still be proud, let scandals come and scandals go, so long as she remains unbeaten.

THE saddle class found H. Marcellus Gallup's pair, Lady Mar-



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garet and Lady Mildred, upholding the honor of New York against the onslaughts from points west, north, and south. Lady Margaret has bowed only to Dark Rex and Roxie Highland this year, in their much-mooted encounters at Devon. Roxie didn't come to the National, and Rex and Lady Margaret didn't meet till the stake, so there was a great deal of guessing the opening days. Meanwhile her stablemate, Mildred, had a nice win over the very recently converted five-gaited horses in the under fifteen-two class.

THE jumping division, as usual, brought the Army to the fore, but that fact is beginning to rankle a bit less with the civilian exhibitors, for it's easy and logical to say they were too busy to prepare. No one can deny that to make a show jumper, work is necessary. Consequently, German efficiency proved its worth in the first international class, for officers' pairs twice around. Over the very treacherous course, the Teutonic horses had the amazing and practically matchless score of one fault, with the Swedes hanging up seven, and the rest making faults that added up like the scores of an early-season football game.

BEFORE the National's storm and strife began, the local hunt-race season was worthily ended by Alligator winning the West Hills Cup for the third time in a row. The old saying, "horses for courses," really fits him, as he has never missed there. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he has never run a really bad race anywhere. So he ends up his season, several times defeated, but never by much, always a good, game horse. It seems too bad that the post-and-rail technique does

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not readily lend itself to Aintree fences, otherwise he could go down to Grasslands, in Tennessee, and have a try for the International Steeplechase on December 6.

This presumably very sporting event is chiefly sponsored by Joe Thomas, author and huntsman, who believes that American hounds are the best, but nevertheless has built what is practically an exact copy of England's classic Aintree course in the heart of Andrew Jackson's country. Nine entries, of which several are bona-fide English ones, of the pride-of-the-regiment variety, have come to hand; and of the American entries, no classic horse, either over bush or timber, has been nominated. Becher's and Valentine's and their attendant horrors may look insignificant after the race over their Tennessee counterparts. In England every British jockey has been nurtured on the Aintree jumps, and every horse has had an acquaintance with their like on similar courses. The local talent is probably due for a surprise when they first come face to face, perhaps all too literally, with these expatriate obstacles. It will be a grand steeplechase to see from a neighboring hilltop.

ALSO, as a result of the Grasslands race, we may see the innovation of an American-trained horse being shipped to England just in time for the Aintree Grand National in March; hitherto, it has been necessary to send American entries at least six months before, owing to the lack of facilities for training them here. Now, with a duplicate course at our doorstep, we can see for ourselves exactly how it feels to be on the wrong end of the journey. —TOUCH AND GO

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DEAR MR. O'FLAHERTY:

YOU and I, Mr. O'Flaherty, are birds of a feather. We must meet some time and flock to a race meeting. As I read that passage I said to myself: "Now there is a man who will understand, a man who feels about things as I do." We have the same contempt for trivial accomplishments, the same love of sport. If you doubt this, let me tell you something of my career—a career which has made me one of the country's leading supporters of sporting events. It will be no trouble at all, Mr. O'Flaherty.

I remember as though it were yesterday how it all started. I was but a boy then and, with some other boys, had attended a vaudeville performance. In it there were a couple of acrobats—agile fellows who could stand on the stage, jump up into the air, and turn several somersaults before coming down again. We were all very much impressed and decided we must learn to do things like that. We felt, however, that it might be wise to start with a springboard. So we made one, and a few days later there we were, all lined up, ready for the first lesson. I was at the far end of the line, being no fool about things like that.

Several of the boys managed to turn somersaults off the springboard. The average was about one somersault, or flip, per boy, although one of our little group did one and a half. Did you ever turn a somersault and a half, Mr. O'Flaherty? I thought perhaps you had. Anyway, there it was my turn and there I was, bouncing up and down on the end of the board and thinking fast. Even before I jumped I had thought fast enough to realize that I was making a mistake. I was right, too. I went up in the air grandly, head-first. Then I came down grandly, also head-first. After they had brought me to, I thought for a moment and made an announcement.

"Fellows," I said, firmly, "one such jump is enough to teach anyone of nor-

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mal intelligence that trivial accomplishment. I am going to a ball game." Then I went to the ball game, it being more convenient than a race meeting. It turned out to be the first of many.

SINCE then I have never faltered in my truancy from the trivial. And every day has seen an improvement. It is hard now to believe that I remained in a high-school Latin class for three months before I realized that "the system was so bad and the intelligence of the pupils so low" that it was impossible to learn Latin. Even then it was the instructor who noticed it first—or part of it, anyway. So I went to a basketball game.

Contrast this with my quick discovery of the triviality of Greek—one of my records, that. It took just two weeks, no longer than it took you with typewriting, to discover that Greek was a waste of time which might better be spent at race meetings. And higher mathematics—algebra is higher mathematics to me—took only ten minutes.

During my school days I went, indeed, to ball game after ball game. And to hockey matches, billiard championships, prizefights, and even to see some wrestlers. I certainly got around in those days. And often I went fishing. I can't say I ever caught any of those trivial fish, but I went. Since school days I have kept right at it, too. I spent ten minutes on chess and went to a boat race. I took up golf and played one hole. "Trivial!" I said to myself on the sixteenth shot. I decided to learn to swim but, before I had gone down twice—I finally went down four times, which is very nearly a record—I detected something wrong with the system. I have hardly been near the water since.

THIS is, of course, but a sketch. I could go on indefinitely. But there is one thing in which I think you may perhaps be interested. There was a time when I thought of writing a book like "Two Years." I spent eight minutes on it one afternoon and then I stopped. "This is trivial," I said to myself very firmly, and went to a football game. Why don't you go to more sporting events, Mr. O'Flaherty?

Faithfully yours,
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

•

CUBA STAYS CALM;
EDITOR, SHOT, DIES
—*Headline in the Times.*

That island placidity!

HAMBURG-AMERICAN CRUISES

AROUND the WORLD
on the
RESOLUTE
"Queen of Cruising Steamships"
Sailing Eastward from New York, January 6, 1931, thereby arriving in each country visited at the ideal time.

YOU leave Winter behind and meet the best travel season in each of the 33 fascinating foreign countries visited—the French Riviera and Egypt during the playtime of the fashionable world—The Holy Land—a Tour Across India in agreeably cool weather—Indo-China, Siam, Angkor Wat and Bali—Java, Borneo, the Philippine Islands—China in the Spring—Korea—Japan in Cherry Blossom Time. And throughout you enjoy the luxury and beauty, the perfect cuisine and service of the "Queen of Cruising Steamships."

Truly, "The Voyage of Your Dreams"—for 140 days. Rates, $2,000 and up, include an extraordinary program of shore excursions.

"Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages"
TO THE
WEST INDIES
PANAMA and SPANISH MAIN
on the ideal cruising steamships
RELIANCE and RESOLUTE

These "Pilgrimages" have been favorites among winter vacationists for several seasons. Again this winter you may take your choice of six cruises combining the enchantment of tropical ports with relaxation and social activities aboard beautiful and luxurious liners especially designed for pleasure travel. Cruises of 16, 17 and 27 days—with itineraries expertly arranged to afford the maximum of interest and enjoyment.

TWO CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR'S CRUISES
Resolute, Dec. 17th; *Reliance*, Dec. 20th—16 days, $212.50 up

Later Cruises by S. S. RELIANCE
Jan. 7th—17 Days (*Rates:* $222.50 up)
Jan. 27th—27 Days (*Rates:* $322.50 up)
Feb. 26th—27 Days (*Rates:* $322.50 up)
Mar. 28th—16 Days (*Rates:* $212.50 up)

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE OF THE CRUISE IN WHICH YOU ARE INTERESTED

THE Cruise de Luxe to the
MEDITERRANEAN
and ADRIATIC
on the luxurious
S. S. HAMBURG
From New York, Jan. 31, 1931

Carcassonne, Tripoli and Basque Spain are among the many novelties of this—the most complete cruise of its kind ever arranged—*visiting every country on the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas*—36 ports of call with included excursions to numerous other points of interest. And you follow the advance of spring—outward along the Coast of Africa; homeward along the European Coast.

70 days (New York to New York). The price, including a great program of shore excursions, is $950 and up, with return passage from Hamburg, Cherbourg or Southampton by any ship of the line up to Dec. 31, 1931.

Hamburg-American Line 39 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, *or local steamship agents*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, NOVEMBER 10

CHANEL, THE GREAT, SAVES MIDSEASONS FROM COMPLETE VACUUM WITH THREE NEW PIECES OF BUSINESS: A NEW COLOR—DARK OLIVISH GREEN; A NEW PATTERN—CHECKED AND PLAIDED JERSEYS; AND A HANDSOME NEW EVENING FASHION—WHITE LACE. OTHERWISE CURRENT COLLECTIONS ARE FEEBLE REITERATIONS OF OLD RELIABLES.

HUNCHES: BUY SPRING PLAIDS INSTEAD OF FAMILIAR PRINTS AND WEAR YOUR DAY SKIRTS JUST A WHISPER SHORTER. B. M.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 5

ALTHOUGH I've never seen much of Captain Molyneux, I'm convinced that he is a really smart man. While everyone else, at midseason, is busy adding more ruffles and tidbits to complicate clothes, he is spending his time in simplifying his.

For instance, there is now hardly a day dress in his whole collection that you can't get into or out of in less time than it takes to say "Jeff Dickson." Many of the dresses are a cross between a one-piece and a coat-dress, and fasten down the side-front. One ties with three bows—actually ties, that is; there is no other fastening. On some of the dresses he uses three or four little clips that are sewn into the fabric. On one black wool dress the closings on both blouse and skirt are marked by lacings pulled through some black galalith eyelets. (The Queen of Spain wears this one, along with the short caracul-trimmed jacket of the same stuff.)

IT'S the plaids at Jane Régny that make her collections news. Since she first used them, last August, a lot of other people are beginning to see what a relief they are going to be from the perennial spring prints, and how young they make most people look. Régny, however, knows when to stop; she never allows her plaids to come in quantities. Coat linings, scarves, and vestees, mannish-looking vests designed to replace cardigans, cottonish blouses—these are in plaids varying from big four-inch tartans to tiny plaid-checks. She uses them in a new kind of jacket that is gathered to a waistband so that it looks more like a blouse. One of these, called Golfers, in a complicated red and blue and yellow, is worn with a navy skirt and a yoked blouse of a new lightweight silk-and-cotton jersey.

THERE are some new jersey blouses at Bruyère, too. These have some cotton in their weave, so that the material is firm enough to be cut in the simplest way imaginable. Seems ideal, because it leaves not a single wrinkle under the shoulders of a suit. At least that's the way it looked with the two suits, Frisco and Canada—both of a lightweight woollen in diagonal-striped patterns, with their jackets closing diagonally from right shoulder to left hip.

Two things are done especially well *chez* Bruyère. One is an arm-eye; Bruyère is a woman who knows her arm-eyes. Watch for one of her simply cut sleeveless dresses, and you'll note that she carefully avoids any rounded lines near the shoulders, and any seams or edges that accentuate that bad fullness around the upper arms.

Bruyère's second masterpiece is her furless coat. She uses cordings, folds of fabric, even eyelet-cutting, to get away from the obvious fur collar and cuffs. You'll see one of these, Ségur, at Bonwit Teller; it is a young girl's coat of some dark blue wool stuff—waistline belted in, smooth lines over the hips and

"These are liable to scratch a little, lady."

Jacket-ensemble in one of the new Stehlong Prints at Lord & Taylor's

A FOX OF EXCEPTIONAL CUNNING ONE DAY DECLARED TO HIS MANAGER...A MR. ÆSOP...THAT HE WOULDN'T ENDORSE ANY MORE ADVERTISED PRODUCTS WITH WHICH HE COULDN'T REALLY IDENTIFY HIMSELF. SO HERE HE IS...DISGUISED AS A COUPLE OF CUFFS...AND WORKING AT LORD & TAYLOR'S IN THE HAPPIEST HARMONY WITH ONE OF THE NEWEST AND LOVELIEST STEHLONG PRINTS.

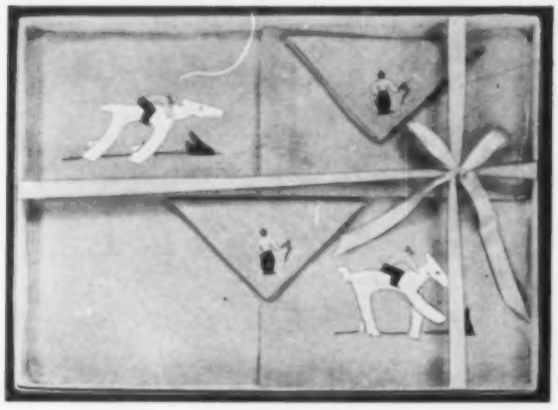
Stehli Silks

Copyright, 1930, by Stehli Silks Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York: London: Paris: Zurich.

YOU CAN BUY STEHLI SILKS BY THE YARD—OR ALREADY MADE UP IN THE DRESSES AND ENSEMBLES FEATURED BY SMART SHOPS

ESTABLISHED 1874
Wetzel
2 EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

THE PRESENTATION of correct fashions for men, through three generations has established the authoritative position of WETZEL.



Tray Cloth and 2 Napkins, hand embroidered and appliquéd. In peach, green, blue or gold. A set $5.00

Cocktail napkins with a sport design for every enthusiast. Hand embroidered and appliquéd. In green, ivory and peach. The doz. $12.50

The Christmas Derby

Christmas is nearly here and the race for smart gifts is on. You can safely bet on these linens for a sure win of the recipient's lasting admiration.

maison de linge
linens • lingerie • trousseaux

844 madison avenue • at 69th street • new york

back, and collar folded in some quiet way that makes it stand up and away from the face in front.

AT Chantal, there are usually so many colors that it's difficult to concentrate on any one. This year you'll find it not so difficult. There are blues in every nuance, and there are greens of certain very definite characteristics. Even when they become complex, her greens are bright; see the dress and jacket named, respectively, Vers le Soleil and Pomme d'Api, claimed by Altman. The fabric is of the éponge family, the color a variation of chartreuse. The dress has a chocolate-brown scarf that is pulled through a slash in the jacket when worn out-of-doors. Note that this costume, like a good many of the newer ones, is slightly shorter than we've become accustomed to.

Of blue, I'll have more to say soon, when the resort clothes are ready; but even at present, it looks like a walk-away. Chantal, for one, lists as her spring colors the following: Bleuette, Bleu Évanoui, Bleu Marine, Bleu Porcelaine, Bleu Corbeau, Bleu Nuit, and Bleu Gobelins. Call me a dreamer if you will, but I would almost venture to predict blue for spring. —B. M.

CHRISTMAS FIRST-AID

IF anybody is finding help and sustenance from our efforts, please let us know so that we may feel we are doing some good in the world. We like to Feel Useful. And Useful we will be, though it well-nigh kills us.

Those of you who saved your copies know that so far we have discussed:

November 1 . . . Christmas cards, luggage, and monograms.
November 8 . . . Photographers, art and such, frames and framers, lingerie and boudoir froufrous, and miscellaneous orders.

This week, in probably the most informative way you ever heard of in your life, we go on and on about:

Assistants and helpers, below.
Caterers, page 71.
Entertainers, page 72.
Children's parties, page 73.
Radios, page 74.
Phonographs and records, page 74.
Radio cabinets, page 75.
Domestic animals and their accessories, page 76.

ASSISTANTS AND HELPERS

CHRISTMAS is the season of the year when everything seems to happen at once. The shopping, diffi-

FLEUR BIENAIMEE
(Beloved Flower)

A NEW FRAGRANCE CHARMINGLY PRESENTED

at SIX, TEN *and* EIGHTEEN DOLLARS *the flacon . . . . purse size!* ONE DOLLAR

face powder: ONE DOLLAR . . . .

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NEW PRICES

FORMERLY $14.50

Now

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These are the same smart models, choice leathers and fine workmanship — *the only change is in the price.*

Our "TRAMPER" · "PEP" "JOY" "DERBY" OXFORDS

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER
America's Finest Shoes for Men

NEW YORK SHOPS

350 Madison Ave. 153 Broadway
365 Broadway 131 West 42nd St.
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BROOKLYN 367 Fulton St.

cult as it is with all the wrapping and addressing that has to be done, is for most households just half the battle. Junior rushes home from school, usually bringing two wild-eyed friends with high expectations of the round of festivities planned in their honor. There is little Caroline, who will always be a nuisance because her birthday comes the day after Christmas. And finally there are your own Christmas and New Year's parties. Ever helpful as we like to be, we suggest below the names of a few of the angels about town who can be called on for help in the merry days of turmoil ahead. We hope you have a lovely time.

ASSOCIATED PURCHASING AGENTS, 366 Fifth Avenue, Wisconsin 3736: Will give you names of capable shopping assistants who can be trusted to pick out a shawl for the maiden great-aunt or evening slippers to match your own Vionnet costume; in short, relieve you of all your shopping burdens.

BUREAU OF PART-TIME WORK, 105 West Fortieth Street, Pennsylvania 2934: Here you can get at short notice a part-time assistant or social secretary to help you with all the intricacies of life that the Christmas season offers.

DUTTON, 681 Fifth Avenue, Plaza 7400: That Perplexing Problem can be taken to the "Executive Secretary to the Public-at-Large," whom this enterprising shop maintains. She will advise you on that difficult gift, do a last-minute errand, or arrange your theatre party.

HOSTESSES, INC., 578 Madison Avenue, Wickersham 4249: Life's darkest moments hold no terrors for these competent people. Not only will they help you plan your Christmas party but they will put the house to rights after the last guest has gone. They will give the canary his bath, take the dog for a walk in the park, or meet the visiting aunt at Grand Central.

AMELIA A. JOHNSON, 170 Broadway, Hitchcock 3339: Makes Christ-

RONSON
De-Light

GIVE HIM THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

There's no "maybe" about a Ronson. It takes its work as seriously as if it were your watch . . . "A flip—and it's lit . . . Release—and it's out!" . . . A great variety of clever cases—all with good lines, and chromium, tarnish-proof finish. They're slim, compact affairs that don't bulge your pocket. . . . Yet the capacious gas-tank in each Ronson keeps it out of the filling station. . . .

Models for men, women, home or office—for pocket, desk or table.

$5 and up. Write us for new catalogue and names of nearest dealers.

ART METAL WORKS, INC.
Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.
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Ronson Lighter, Princess, Leather

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Luggage

to individual order

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Also depot for
VUITTON *Trunks and Service*
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

Arthur Gilmore INC.

mas merry for busy Wall Street executives by doing their shopping capably and efficiently.

MARTHA MAYNARD, 425 Fifth Avenue, Caledonia 0260: Delights in shopping for people with friends, kind hearts, but no time. Will help you with all the details of your Christmas revelry, and send out gifts and cards on just the right day.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue, Plaza 2330: Will address the invitations for your party and send out all your Christmas cards. A good place to turn, also, for a seamstress or a visiting maid.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, 610 Lexington Avenue, Wickersham 4500: The Employment Department can supply you with part-time workers, secretarial or otherwise.

CATERERS

BELOW you will find listed a few of the many people the city offers who will gladly and expertly help you feed the famished Christmas guest:

CHIN & LEE, INC., 28 Cornelia Street, Spring 9488: For a Chinese party these people will deliver hot chow mein and all that goes with it—rice, noodles, shredded egg, etc. A grand idea—and not expensive.

ROBERT DAY, 170 East Seventy-third Street, Butterfield 5013: Not only will attend to the refreshments but will do the decorations, if you wish.

DEAN, 22 East 57th Street, Regent 3900: Famous for good service, food, and cakes.

FANTOZZI, Sixth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, Circle 2284: Especially celebrated for ice creams and party goodies.

HENRI, 40 West Forty-sixth Street, Bryant 4340: Will take all the catering burdens from your shoulders, and competently, too.

JEAN, 435 Park Avenue, Plaza 7589: More catering of the very deluxe type.

LONGCHAMPS, 1015 Madison Avenue, Butterfield 9016: Food here especially well cooked, and of course well served.

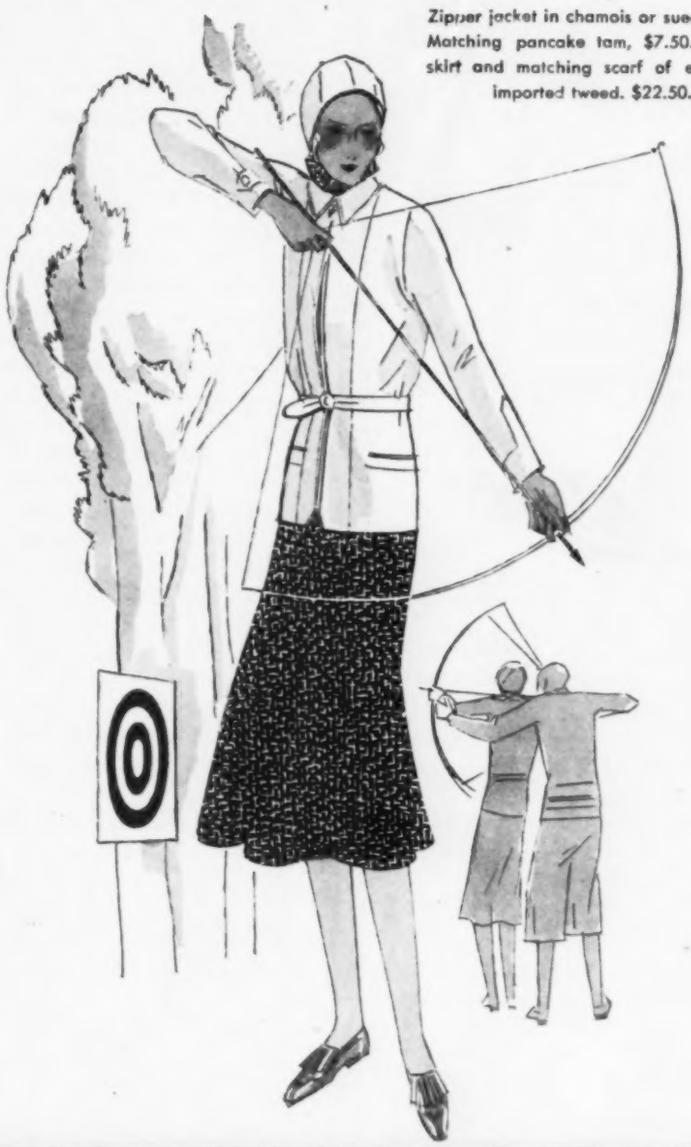
MARESI-MAZZETTI, 103 West Forty-ninth Street, Circle 2070: Another well-known name, and justly

femininity in the active mood

Banish monotony from your sports wardrobe—make it look far more extensive than it actually is! Blend the things you have with the things that Peck & Peck has to offer—clothes that play any number of charming roles, and do it in a manner as delightfully individual as your own personality!

Peck & Peck

Zipper jacket in chamois or suede, $35. Matching pancake tam, $7.50. Flared skirt and matching scarf of exclusive imported tweed. $22.50.



PECK & PECK

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 42nd STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47th STREET
MADISON AVE. AT 69th STREET

famed for the excellence of its service and food.

ROBERT PARNHAM, 619 West 136th Street, Edgecomb 3919: Does private catering, supplying as much or as little in the way of food, waiters, silver, linen, as you desire.

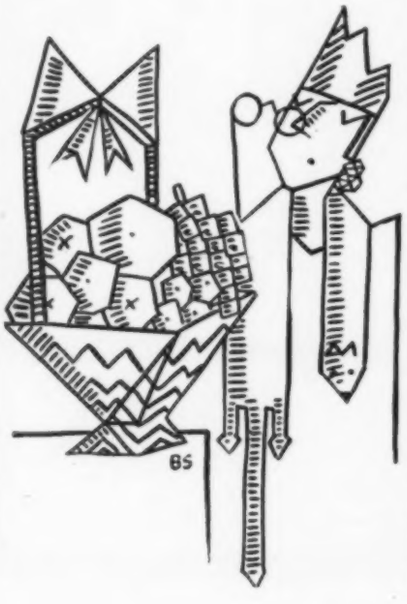
SHERRY, 300 Park Avenue, Plaza 0200: Another old reliable house to be depended on for smart parties.

—M. H.

ENTERTAINERS

THE ideal party, of course, is one in which so many of the guests are Fred Astaire, George Gershwin, and Libby Holman in a generous state of mind that further entertainment is unnecessary. However, talented people are getting more and more skittish about invitations (and who can blame them?) so, unless you are sure of your impromptu talent, it is a good idea to supplement the display of backgammon boards with some paid entertainers you can be sure of. Naturally, you know that stage, vaudeville, and night-club performers are not insulted by the chance to make a few more shekels, and can be approached directly; your favorite orchestra leader can always supply you with dandy dance music, with or without the maestro. In case you are completely at a loss, or are anxious to stir up something new, the following brief list will be of assistance:

THE NEW YORK JUNIOR LEAGUE BUREAU FOR ENTERTAINMENT, Plaza 4000, under the charge of Mrs. Littell and Mrs. Burden at Saks-Fifth Avenue: Makes a specialty of chasing up talent all over town, from two trick seals that emerge from the elevator barking with balls on their noses to the



"old bleach" irish linen parade

Dining room
Linen damask table cloths and napkins, cocktail napkins, white two-tone and hand painted.

Kitchen
Linen dish towels of colourful crashes.

Bed room
Hemstitched linen sheets and pillow cases, white and coloured.

Bath room
Linen hand and face towels in white and coloured.

Nursery
"Winnie-the-Pooh." Appliqued linen sets. Copyright, Stephen Slesinger, N. Y.

Sun room
Hand drawn, hand hemstitched linen sets for luncheon and bridge.

MODERN COLOURS in "Old Bleach" linens are absolutely proof against sunlight and launder perfectly.

BOOKLET describing new table settings, new designs and colour ensembles sent upon receipt of ten cents postage.

Department B
The "OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO., Ltd.
448 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Works: Randalstown, No. Ireland
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The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild

"OLD BLEACH" LINEN

ONE WILL IF ONE ISN'T CAREFUL

EMILY POST would say: "One doesn't smack while eating." So the absent-minded must keep themselves well in hand when they use even a little H. P. Sauce!

The sauce of England's sauces—made, mellowed, and bottled over there—and shipped here for your delight. Provokingly good on cold cuts, in salad dressings and other favorites.

for FREE H.P. sample bottle and recipe book, write Go-Bart Imp. Co., 15 E. 26th St., N. Y.

FABRE LINE
The popular Route To the Mediterranean

Mediterranean Cruises—1931
FROM NEW YORK

S. S. PROVIDENCE—FEB. 11th
to Lisbon, Tangiers, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Villefranche, Marseilles—19 Days—from $245.

S. S. PATRIA—MARCH 5th
to Ponta Delgada, Lisbon, Tangiers, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Villefranche, Messina, Piraeus (Athens), Istanbul, Beirut, Palestine, Egypt, Malta, Syracuse, Marseilles—42 Days—from $435.

S. S. PROVIDENCE—APRIL 11th
from Boston April 12th to Lisbon, Tangiers, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Messina, Piraeus (Athens), Istanbul, Beirut, Palestine, Egypt, Malta, Syracuse, Marseilles—39 Days—from $435.

For information and descriptive literature apply to
James W. Elwell & Co., Inc.
General Agents
17 State St., New York *or Local Agents*

A GOOD MIXER
Use Abbott's Bitters To Flavor Beverages
50c Sample for 25c in Stamps
Address Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Md.

Mound City Blue Blowers, three pale-faced madmen who produce hot music from a patent-leather suitcase and two whiskbrooms, paper-covered combs, and other childish instruments. The Bureau, naturally, watches for all the newest fads in entertainment.

Miss Frances Rockefeller King, 1560 Broadway, Bryant 5228: Not only provides orchestras and entertainers of all sorts but, through her connection with R.K.O. vaudeville, is in touch with the latest novelties of all sorts to startle your blasé friends.

Lee Posner, 254 West Fifty-fourth Street, Columbus 4031: Knows all the good Negro orchestras and entertainment in town and will send you piano-players, tap-dancers, singers of almost anything, or whole orchestras, as you like. Bob Sawyer's Cotton Club Trio is a pet of his this year.

The Carnival Shop, 1204 Lexington Avenue, Rhinelander 3773: Does parties for children or grownups, supplying maids, refreshments, or anything you need. They will either do the entire party or any part thereof.

The Party Mart, 574 Madison Avenue, Plaza 8444: Another ingenious firm of specialists that will transform your home into a circus tent or a race track, send invitations, provide entertainment, cater, and otherwise take the entire burden from your shoulders.

Magicians: John Mulholland, the phenomenon of magic (and he gives enchanting lectures for children as well as for grownups), can be reached through Mr. Feakins, Bryant 9634. Nate Leipzig, the sleight-of-hand king who is so marvellous with playing cards, is at 40 West Seventy-second Street, Endicott 6100. Charles Nagle, a magic man whom children as well as their parents simply adore, can be reached at 538 East Eighty-ninth Street, Rhinelander 0592.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

HARASSED parents who have hangovers to cope with from the Christmas festivities, and are perfectly helpless before the younger generation anyhow, should consult the following. There are other possibilities to choose from too, of course.

Miss Lenette Friedlander, 68 East Eighty-sixth Street, Butterfield 6467: Not only maintains her knack

The Clothing of Gentlemen is Found . . . . at De Pinna

Evening Clothes

One expects authority in evening clothes by De Pinna . . . that authority which comes only from intimate association with the smartly correct in London . . . that authority which so quickly and accurately reflects style. This one finds at De Pinna . . . in evening dress entirely pleasing to one's sense of that which is authoritatively correct. Hand-tailored in imported fabrics to wear-at-once.

DE PINNA

Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

Not so hot for touchdowns . . . these toy balloons!

BALLOONS are a "bust" at a football game . . . and poor quality cards are a "bust" at any card table. You can't afford to let a few pennies' difference in cost cheat you out of the best game you are capable of playing. For you — for all good players — who want cards that *help* instead of hinder, Aristocrat Cards are made. They have the ease of shuffling, the snappy pickup, the quick, sure fanning that you have always wanted, and the sharpness of printing that avoids annoying errors. High, lustrous finish as well as linen finish. Ask for Aristocrat Cards and look for the bank-note backs, exclusive in this brand.

Aristocrat

PLAYING CARDS

RUSSELL PLAYING CARD CO.

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Bridge and Poker Packs

for supplying refreshments, entertainment, and all frills for children's parties, but is also specializing in decorating for grownups' parties as well, making the rooms into hangars, miniature golf courses, and such.

SUE HASTINGS' MARIONETTES, 1947 Broadway, Trafalgar 6963: For children not too modern to love "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Peter Rabbit" and even "Winnie-the-Pooh."

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, Plaza 4000: Madeleine Snyder arranges whatever is desired for sophisticated or quaint children, including a Murder Party for sixteen-year-olds, and a trick Russian poodle act for the little tots.

RADIOS

AN expert, who is a friend of a friend, informs this tone-deaf department as follows: "There is nothing violently new about the late models. Most of them have 'tone control,' a switch which helps you emphasize treble or bass tones. A good many companies, like Philco, Atwater Kent, and Victor, are offering combination radios and phonographs. The record is played through the radio loudspeaker, and you can switch from radio to phonograph just like that.

"The Tom Thumb influence has brought out a number of miniature models, very good despite the fact that they naturally lack some of the refinements of larger sets. Philco's is first-rate. The whole thing is about as large as an old-fashioned loudspeaker and contains everything—set, tubes, and speaker—all operated by electricity.

"The D.C. and A.C. racket is another thing to be considered in giving radios. There are only about three D.C. districts in the country (New York Edison Company subscribers are quite likely to be among them), so most manufacturers aren't bothered with this current. Converters are inconvenient and usually unsatisfactory. Fada, Atwater Kent, Philco, Edison, R.C.A., Brunswick, Bosch, and Colonial make D.C. sets. Outside of New York, the conventional A.C. is a safe bet, unless the recipient lives on a Connecticut farm, where a battery set may be necessary. Most manufacturers have these. Landay Brothers, Wurlitzer, Davega, and a number of other reliable firms will guide your faltering steps in your selection and in future installation."

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

VICTOR's Home Recording Device, by which you may immortalize

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP

Ever Heard of Tropical Velour?

You haven't because it's a brand new and strikingly handsome Dunlap Hat! A winter hat. A nonchalant hat. Soft. Luxurious. Lightweight. Black, Terra Cotta, Gothic Gray, Nile Green. $15. See it today!

NEW YORK: Madison Ave. at 57th Street
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street
CHICAGO: 700 N. Michigan Avenue
304 S. Michigan Avenue

With this new Steelart Table you are equally prepared for guests "just crazy about backgammon" and those who stick to bridge. There's modernity in the backgammon top, there's rigidity in the table, there's comfort in the folding chairs to match. Write for illustrated literature on Steelart Backgammon Tables, and Bridge Sets. Lyon Metal Products, Incorporated, Aurora, Illinois.

Telephone—Wisconsin 7910
for Names of Stores Displaying Steelart

LYON
STEELART
Furniture

your own voice and the comedy patter of your guests, is the trickiest new idea. Aside from this, the season's sensations are tiny electric portables, run by electric-light current, and available at all shops specializing in records, etc.

For records, there are lots of new album sets, including at least twelve complete opera scores. For imported records (from the stern and classic to Maurice Chevalier in the spicy original) go to the Gramophone Shop, 18 East Forty-eighth Street, or to the New York Band Instrument Company, 243 West Thirty-fourth Street. A year's subscription to the Hit of the Week can be purchased from Durium, 460 West Thirty-fourth Street, unless your newsstand dealer can arrange it for you. Fifteen cents a record and always a new one in the house. Victor issues a Record of the Month, too, which your dealer can arrange for.

Incidentally, for any person living in Europe, the nicest possible Christmas gift is a batch of new popular American jazz records. Landay Brothers, at any one of the branches, have a vast selection of everything, as you know. —L. L.

RADIO CABINETS

THERE is also nothing alarmingly new about regulation radio cabinets as furniture. The tendency to conceal radios within otherwise innocent furniture pieces, however, grows and grows.

A really imposing gift, to my way of thinking, is one of those reproduction furniture pieces built around a radio set—the stunt of which Macy is so proud. They have added several new pieces to the original group, so that now you can buy their radios encased in authentic American Colonial highboys, Queen Anne secretaries, Sheraton tambour desks, Duncan Phyfe wine presses, and other equally impressive works, all for only very little more than the piece of furniture itself would ordinarily cost. The current models come in maple, mahogany, and walnut, ranging from a group of small tables and chests, mostly Sheraton, at $109, to towering secretaries containing desk, shelf, and drawer space in addition to the radio, which lurks behind a couple of well-faked drawer fronts. These are around $264. The prices include

Aristocratic JEWELRY for men

Jumping-Hour Wrist Watch. The hour flashes in the dial face. White gold. Swiss 17-jewel movement. $375.

Dial Telephone Pencil Revolving ball end. $24.

Book Locket. Photographs reproduced on gold leaves. Gold with enamel motif. Four sizes. $50 to $120.

Automatic Opening Watch. Can be opened with one finger. Closing cover winds watch. In all leathers. $65.

Jeweled Tortoise Shell and Rock Amber Cigarette Holder. Set with sapphires and diamonds. $150.

Brand - Chatillon specializes in the all-important jeweled accessories which distinguish the man of aristocratic taste and correct grooming.

French Bit Cuff Links. White gold with lapis mounted on ends. $52. Carnelian, $50. Green Onyx, $50. Sapphire $60. Also in green gold.

Combination Cigarette Lighter and Watch. 14k Gold. $275.

French Wrist Watch. 18k Gold. Triple cord strap. An exceptionally handsome timepiece. $225.

Dress Set. Cuff Links, Studs and Waistcoat Buttons, Black Onyx with platinum center, set with row of brilliants. $700.

THE BRAND - CHATILLON CORPORATION

Jewelers and Silversmiths

775 FIFTH AVENUE *Savoy-Plaza* NEW YORK

Lady Nicotine's new boy friend!

TIPPIT,

as every New Yorker in good standing knows by now, is the name of the world's new menace to matches. No longer is it necessary to hold a miniature bonfire in your hand whenever you light a cigar or cigarette. TIPPIT lights when you tip it—instantly, and goes out with the same affable celerity when you put it down because it is so balanced that it rights itself and automatically shuts off the current. And that, we submit, is service *plus*—plus safety!

TIPPIT

is always a distinguished guest in any environment—equally at ease in the business office and in the home. TIPPIT goes cheerfully wherever and to whomever you send it. It is welcomed as a Christmas gift, as a thoughtful birthday present, or as the spoils of bridge-table victory. And whatever its destination, it takes with it a message of good will, good fellowship, and (subtly, of course) of good taste!

TIPPIT

has a color scheme to suit (whoa, Pegasus!) every nuance of modern interior décor. Passing over this matter lightly and quickly, we may say that you will find TIPPIT in jet black or a gorgeous Chinese red, with caps in gold or chromium; and in mahogany or walnut with bronze caps. Also in sterling silver throughout, if you must splurge! And to show you how we have taken care of little details: an 8-ft. cord, in colors to match, has TIPPIT at one end and a light-socket plug at the other. If all this has interested you (and why shouldn't it?), look for TIPPIT in the better department stores; specialty and gift shops; jewelry, electrical and tobacco shops; clubs; and (this is the last) retail stores of public utilities.

In any color combination:
$5

In Sterling Silver
$12.50

Electracraft Corporation
161 Massachusetts Ave.
Boston, Mass.

Inquiries from dealers will receive prompt attention!

the set; the set includes a speaker, usually placed under the furniture piece, facing the floor and completely out of sight.

My pet in the collection is the Duncan Phyfe swing-top table, which stands with one flap decoratively upended against the wall, or swings its top about to form a good, substantial card table at which you finesse to the accompaniment of merry strains issuing from the radio in its innards—all for $178. As a final touch, the radio wiring is run up through the centre pedestal, thus removing the last objection to the table form of cabinet: viz, visible wires.

Tip: At Macy, occasional single pieces, all hollowed out and fixed for radio housing, can be picked up at bargain prices. They are sample models which have been abandoned as impractical for large-scale production. There was one Louis XV commode there not long ago, selling at $39.75. Just a suggestion.

Altman has also turned a trick along these lines. In one of those exhibition rooms on the seventh floor is a tiny, hollow baby-grand piano done in rosewood. It is lavishly inlaid, and inside is space for the inevitable radio and all attachments. There is also space for a phonograph and for records, and a little writing-desk flap where the keyboard, in less melancholy days, would be; $1,650, empty.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND THEIR ACCESSORIES

PEOPLE with dogs are among the easier Christmas problems; give them something for the little pet and they react like fond parents.

As a matter of fact, there are not many new dog things on the market; but there are a great many good ones. A painted wooden wall rack for the hanging of collars, leashes, and harness is practically the only innovation. This has three hooks and a portrait of a dog (not too good) on it, costs something like $2.50, and can be found at almost any sporting-goods house or department-store dog department.

Among the sensible, practical gadgets encountered all over are: The comparatively new travelling kennel of airplane cloth—built like a deep weekend case; can be had to match popular types of hand luggage. . . . Strictly tailored coats of broadcloth in several modest shades, including black. . . . Plaid harness, collars, and leashes for Scottie pups. . . . Painted willow baskets set up on legs above the cold, cold

Spiced Cinnamon Almonds, Carameled Almonds, Spiced Pecans, Mint Almonds, each with an individual, tempting daintiness known to the New Yorker and alert hostess everywhere.

Charles & Company . . New York
Palm Beach Stores, Inc. . Palm Beach
Diehl Grocery Co. . Santa Barbara
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Henry May Co., Ltd. . . Honolulu

. . . or wherever fine foods are sold.

EVER HEAR A CAMEL SNEEZE?

They don't sneeze. No matter how cold the nights on the desert or how unprotected they are from the biting desert wind. Why? Because they carry their camelhair coats around with them!

The "PARK"—a nonchalant town coat, made of hair from comfortable camels. Belted or unbelted, with Kolinsky collar $185.00

JAEGER
The VOGUE *in* WOOLLENS
590 Fifth Avenue, at Forty-Eighth Street

ground and painted in every possible pastel and boudoir shade. . . . The kinkless lead—a swivel chain for small and active dogs who have the ordinary leash tied in knots before you get halfway down the block.

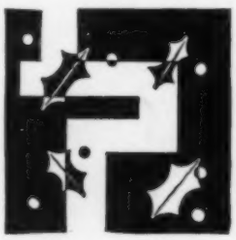
SO much for seen-everywhere suggestions. At Abercrombie & Fitch they showed me a few more exclusive specialties, such as their dog's kitbox. This is a neat leather-covered affair, handy for travelling or for that note of efficiency in the home. It contains brushes, combs, shampoo, towel, and feeding dish, and, thrown in for good measure, one of those rubber dogs'-heads which emit barks when pounced upon. The whole thing costs $12.

Those metal feeding bowls, built like a volcano to keep dangling ears out of a spaniel's dinner, are also at Abercrombie, and a good gift for a long-eared dog. Painted biscuit tins with dog portraits painted on them are another suggestion, at $2, and there are large tins of what Abercrombie proudly claims to be the most expensive dog food in town—Lactol Biscuits, $5 the tin.

For country dogs, there is a metal tie-stake here, made to screw into the ground—very serpentine in form and apparently practical. The idea is to carry it along on visits to finicky neighbors, on which occasions the stake can be plunged into the lawn outside, and Rover attached thereto for the duration of the call. Maybe you think this idea would be more popular with a finicky neighbor than leaving the animal home altogether.

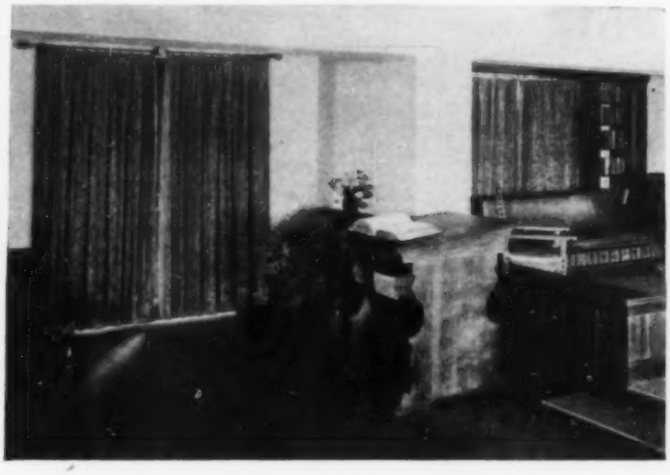
Two popular dog toys, they will tell you here, are the Nips Cat—that bouncing rubber cat's-head which meows when touched and drives dogs clean out of their heads—and the Sani-bone, a real bone cleaned and made sanitary. Tips on the Nips Cat are: (1) that people who own very nervous, overly-excitable dogs will not thank you for it, and (2) that it would be a nice thought to give a box of them instead of one, because sometimes they wear out faster than the dog.

Dog books—not stories about dogs, but good informative stuff on care,



FORTUNY

The Aristocrat of Drapery Fabrics



MARIANO FORTUNY of Venice turns to Italy of the XVIIIth Century for this stately pattern. Reproduced in his fabrics with perfect faithfulness, it is embellished with antique colors and enhanced by unsurpassed texture. This master printer here displays his greatest artistry on a finely spun twill background—more practical, more lovely than any other base.

A booklet "Fortuny Fabrics" shows some of these prints in color. We would be glad to send you a copy.

ARTHUR H LEE & SONS Inc
383 Madison Avenue New York

Fortuny Fabrics are sold and exhibited only by interior decorators

This piece revitalizes with the warmth of antiquity, the dignified reading room of the Palos Verdes Estates, California. Robert G. Paull, decorator.

The World's Greatest Clock Value!

NEVER before has a full size, all-electric Solid Mahogany grandfather clock sold as low as $40. But Colonial—the Leader—the World's Largest Makers of Hall Clocks—does it now!

The Synchronous electric movement tells exact time—all the time—silently without ticking, without winding, oiling or regulating. Truly, this is Modern Time—housed in a long triangular case of genuine Honduras Mahogany rich in depth of color, beautiful with stately dignity. Adaptable for any corner of any room in the home—a miniature bookcase or curio cabinet in addition to being a charming clock.

Have you felt, with many others, that hall clocks were something to dream about—but not for you to own? Then adjust your conception now—for now the barrier of high cost is swept away—and YOU CAN OWN A COLONIAL CLOCK!

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

Colonial Manufacturing Company
Dept. "N.Y." Zeeland, Michigan

COLONIAL CLOCKS

AMERICA'S FINEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF ALL-ELECTRIC FLOOR CLOCKS

training, et al.—are a thoughtful gift to dog owners who aren't convinced they know more about the subject than any book-writing Johnnie. Abercrombie & Fitch have a grand dog-book department; anything you can't find there probably isn't an important work anyway.

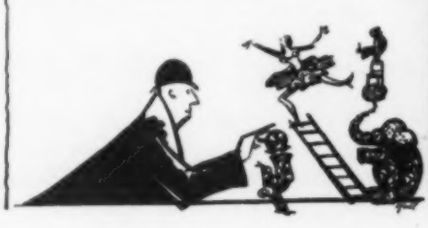
UP at Saks-Fifth Avenue you can let your fancy roam freely among a collection of harness, collars, and leashes made to harmonize smartly with everything from the dog's outdoor clothing to his owner's. There is one leash of dyed and intricately braided horsehair, slender but tough, made with a couple of stiff tassels for decoration and a loop to go over the wrist. The sort of leash a sportswoman would like very much.

Other more or less frivolous specialties: Feeding bowls with French mottoes; Cravanette raincoats; Angora sweaters for chilly dogs (and if the dog doesn't shed rain, the sweater will); upholstered, chintz-covered chairs with arms to let down at night (sort of a day-bed idea); woolly blankets with owner's monogram, dog's name, or picture of dog in silken appliqué. What *is* to become of the old hardy animal race in a few more generations?

Things like the raincoats are not as lightminded, really, as they sound—particularly in the case of less shaggy-coated breeds, and short-legged terriers, whose middles get too close for comfort to sidewalk puddles when it rains.

Another practical feature here is a travelling kennel, leather-covered, with wire mesh at each end, thus providing lots of light and air. The open end fastens with zippers, so that the animal cannot worry the lock to any effect and come leaping forth suddenly en route, just when you think everything has quieted down. Any one of these things would be a pretty de-luxe gift for the snootiest show-dog you know.

GIFTS aside—putting your pet in fit condition to excite admiration among visiting relatives should have a place in your holiday thoughts. For plucking and general grooming, there is always Charles Klenke, 2231 Eighth Avenue, who knows his job and has a



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for large or small affairs

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For Transient or Longer Visits

Telephone REGent 5901

Antediluvian Aunt Lucinda Goes Modern

You know Aunt Lucinda—there's probably one in your family. Antediluvian? Well rather. And her shoes—really boots—just *too* sloppy looking. But Aunt Lucinda's cagey, at that. She parks her boots in TECS—and their insidious smartness is turning her into a veritable modernist.

TECS are swank snug-fitting little jackets for shoes, tailored to fit footwear tightly. They prevent shoes in luggage spoiling clean undies and what-nots. Parked in boudoirs shoes gather no dust or scratches when TECS*ed*.

Aunt Lucinda gives TECS to favorite nephews and nieces. Just ask us if they aren't tickled pink. Why not tickle your favorites pink, too?

Intriguing color combinations: beige and orange, black and silver, blue and gold. In trim boxes—two pairs $1.50. Sold at the better shops, or write Knit Goods Specialty Co., Dept. Y-10, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Size A for women—B for men.

SMART NEW JACKETS FOR SHOES

particular sort of genius about the clipping of those chic black French poodles. Poodle tailoring here is in accordance with the best traditions. The Medor Kennels, at 34 West Forty-seventh Street, are also known for reliable work, and there is a place called Silver's Canine Beauty Parlor, at 507 Park Avenue, which is not to be taken lightly in spite of its name. These places are among those that can be recommended to you with a clear, free conscience.

WE do not attempt to hand around advice about the giving of dogs as gifts, taking it for granted that you know the animal's future owners really want a dog, and that you know their preferences and requirements in the way of breeds. The division of our kennel list into three parts, by size, is for the benefit of those who have not yet decided on a breed, but have a general type in mind. There are many kennels to choose from, but these are within driving distance of New York; some within easy driving distance.

SMALL DOGS

Mrs. H. A. Benson, 272 Mill Street, Poughkeepsie, New York: Cocker spaniels, second to none as pets for young children.

Blue Ribbon Sleeve Pekinese Kennels, Montauk Highway, Quogue, Long Island: Good Pekes for your fluffy friend.

Marsdon Kennels, Armonk Village, New York: Your choice of Wires, Sealies, Scotties, Cockers, and Welsh terriers. For people who can make decisions.

Mrs. V. Matta, 2618 Ditmar's Boulevard, Astoria, Long Island: Pomeranians, if you must.

Mrs. M. C. McGlone, 1422 Pelham Parkway, New York City: Boston terriers of the typically intelligent sort.

Queens Terrier Kennels, Jamaica South, Long Island: Scottish terriers (the ideal town-apartment dog, in case you haven't heard).

MIDDLE-SIZED DOGS

Mrs. Althea Thurber, Silvermine, South Norwalk, Connecticut: Black French poodles. You couldn't

BE PINK AND WHITE AGAIN!

SOFT clothes are here—evening gowns are trailing gently—hats are turned away from the face. Women are being themselves again—most decidedly! And their faces must be as delicately feminine as their fashionable clothes, for who would want to see a hard-tanned complexion trying to match itself to clinging clothes? It can't be done. And it won't be done by any woman who is sensitive to values. She will hurry forth to recapture the natural pink and whiteness that is after all only hidden under a weather-beaten outer coat—like a filmy pink blouse under a rough leather top-coat!

Every moment counts. There is no time to waste experimenting. Come directly to Elizabeth Arden, where you can be assured of extremely prompt results. For your very first treatment a tingling, prickling, life-bringing ointment will be applied so that almost immediately there will be a perceptible lightening of your skin. Afterwards there will be soothing, freshening lotions and creams and definite muscle moulding by accomplished fingers.

With each treatment, a peaches-and-cream skin, soft, firm and fine-pored, will become more of an actuality. Soon it will be a fact.

You will look in the mirror and find that the gracious clear-eyed, pink and white picture of youth is you! A telephone call will reserve just the hour you desire—Plaza 5847.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
691 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK
Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smart shops
LONDON · PARIS · BERLIN · ROME · MADRID
© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

choose anything more fashionable—or with more brains.

ABERCROMBIE KENNELS, Camden, New Jersey: Also have black French poodles.

BRONXBORO KENNELS, 2489 Sedgwick Avenue, Bronx, New York: English bull terriers. Can be depended upon to rid owners of all pests—animal or human.

MARCUS BRUCKHEIMER, 2114 Third Avenue, New York City: Lovable Irish terriers, well kennelled behind the pawnshop at this address.

HILLWOOD KENNELS, Roslyn, Long Island: Airedales, to protect the property.

BIG DOGS

DR. J. D. DE RONDE, 48 East Eighty-ninth Street, New York City: Irish setters—slim, red-haired beauties.

F. A. DOLL, Wallpack, Sussex County, New Jersey: Gordon setters—another branch of the family.

FALCON KENNELS, Mrs. L. L. Romine, Livingston, New York: Dobermann pinschers, slick and military; natural guardians.

HALCYON KENNELS, Goshen, New York: Irish wolfhounds—if you have the space.

HEARTHSTONE KENNELS, 227 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey: The third of the setter group: English.

MRS. W. K. HITCHCOCK, Pleasantville, New York: Old English sheepdogs—for somebody you like a lot who lives in the country.

JESSFORD KENNELS, Roslyn, Long Island: German shepherd dogs—commonly called police dogs.

JOHN J. MCDEVITT, Teaneck, New Jersey: Great Danes—for insatiable, dog-loving owners of country estates.

NORKA KENNELS, Nanuet, New York: Samoyedes, angelic disposition; physically like an Arctic husky.

PERCHINO KENNEL, Hunter Brook Road, Peekskill, New York: Russian wolfhounds—the picturesque note.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, "Sunnybank," Pompton Lakes, New Jersey: Sunnybank collies, famed in the Marster's fiction. —B. B.

•

MANAGING EDITOR, aged thirty, released by merger, desires position in South or middle West. Proven ability as editorial writer, news director and columnist. Would like desk position carrying responsibility or managing editorship of daily up to 25,999 circulation.—*Adv. in Editor & Publisher.*

Above which point the responsibility gets just more than you can bear?

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP

A suit in the best grandstand manner...of tweed as classic as a college yell and chamois lined to squelch the most persistent of winds and chills.

NEW YORK
Madison Avenue at 57th St.
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street

CHICAGO
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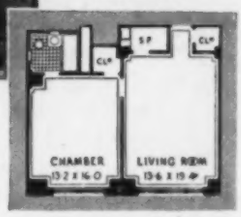
This sun-lit 2 room suite



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A residential hotel in a distinguished neighborhood of quiet charm.

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George H. Bradley, Manager
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Perhaps you will never attain the suaveness of Floyd Gibbons, globe-trotter extraordinary. But we can fortify you with some of the easy nonchalance that marks the experienced traveler by attending to all the bothersome travel details for you ... and at no extra cost.

Tour or Cruise for the Winter season at regular tariff rates. ¶ Our Brochure No. 4 contains interesting suggestions. Send for it now!

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HONEY-MAID CHOCOLATES
Happened Along!

DELICIOUS ASSORTMENTS IN SMART PACKAGES

AT ALL LEADING DEALERS

THE RACE TRACK

Equipoise at Pimlico—
New Jockey Tricks—
The Manly 'Chase

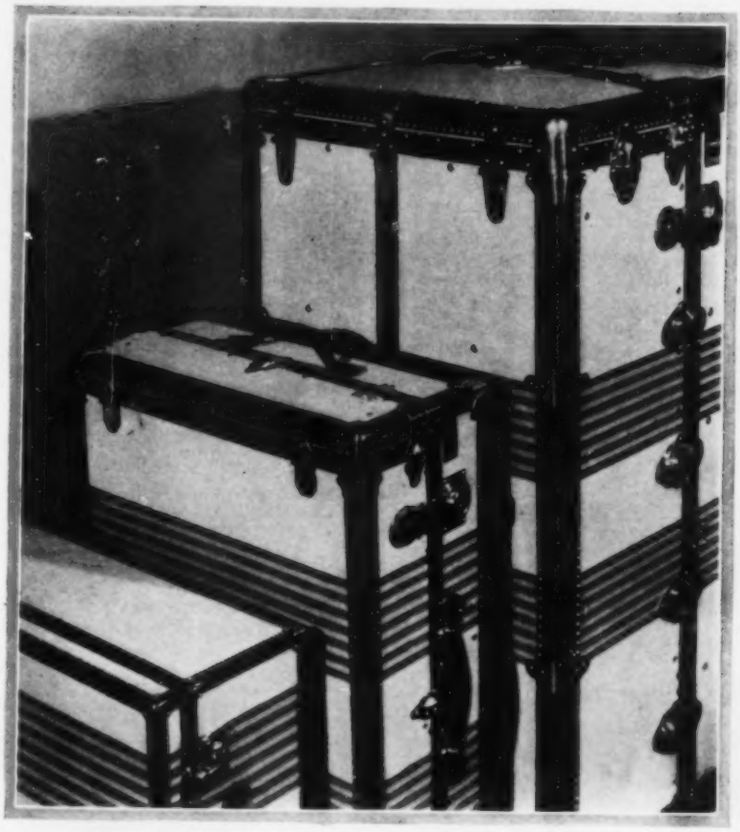
NOTHING I have seen this racing year was quite so amazing as the victory of Equipoise in the Pimlico Futurity. It is not unusual for a horse to win after getting off to a poor start, but I don't think any of us who were fortunate enough to be at Pimlico last week recall a more extraordinary performance than that of Sonny Whitney's game little colt. Three-quarters of the way from home no one would have taken a hundred to one against his chances—he was that price at the head of the stretch—but at the winning post he was half a length in front of Twenty Grand and Mate. Later, after everybody had cheered the bespattered and very tired horse and rider, I learned that Equipoise had cast a shoe in the sticky mud of the backstretch, an additional handicap that made his race more remarkable.

With a bow to the official handicappers, Messrs. Vosburgh and Bryan, I believe that Equipoise, on the showing of his race in the Pimlico Futurity, is the best two-year-old of the year (I seem to hear a Rebel yell of protest from Jack Joyner, trainer of Jamestown), although, in the background, there is a preponderance of opinion that Twenty Grand will be the better colt next season.

EVERYBODY who could crashed the gate to the saddling paddock, though gates are not easy to crash at Pimlico. . . . There was Jock Whitney exchanging tips with Brother Bostwick, Mate's owner, and as interested in Equipoise as in his mother's Twenty Grand. . . . Ed Bradley disobeying his doctor's orders. . . . William Woodward, the new chairman of the Jockey Club, still receiving congratulations. . . . Mrs. Charlie Amory advising no play on Backgammon. . . . Clem McCarthy at the microphone attracting a bigger crowd than the horses.

Twenty Grand, who has grown into the handsomest two-year-old in training, outlooked everything in the parade. Mate next caught the eye, and then the big filly, Tambour. Freddy Hop-

OSHKOSH *Chief* TRUNKS



For distinguished public service

THE HEAD PORTER of one of the big hotels in Paris asked of an American, "What is the meaning of these red and yellow bands which some of your people are allowed to have on their luggage?" He thought the familiar stripes of the Oshkosh "Chief" were some governmental insignia awarded for distinguished public service. As a matter of fact, that wouldn't be inappropriate!

HOW TO RECOGNIZE AN OSHKOSH "CHIEF"

"Chief" Oshkosh Cord Duck, the strongest and toughest trunk covering made, is found only on Oshkosh "Chief" Trunks. It is recognizable anywhere by the two bands of red and yellow stripes woven into the fabric.

Oshkosh Trunks can also be had in the less expensive fibre covering. The Oshkosh trade-mark identifies them.

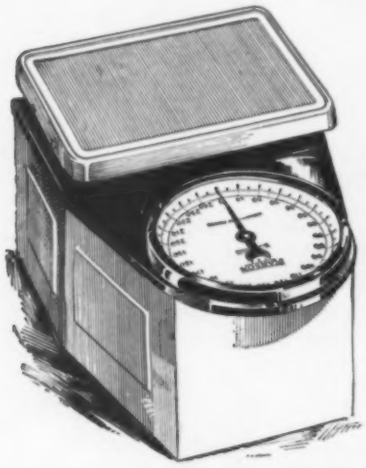
An attractive descriptive booklet, "The Chief of Trunks," will be sent you on request to 500 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

HANSON HEALTH SCALES

Dependable as Naval Observatory Time. Each scale is tested with Government standard weights to insure precision. Beautifully enameled in colors to harmonize with modern decorative schemes. Diet book with each scale.

Guaranteed for a Lifetime!

Xmas Idea!
Give her this aid to a fashionable figure.



The Hanson "Petite" illustrated, occupies less than a square foot of space—a desirable feature in this age of compact living. Black . . . white . . . azure . . . orchid. $12

Hanson Weighmaster (not illustrated) in six colors $15.50

HANSON SCALE CO., Chicago
New York Office: 41 Murray Street

A NEW *Burby* FELT HAT $7.75

Your own gay, youthful spirit reflected in the new Burbys! You're easy to look at in them!

Mr. A. W. Simon will help you choose YOUR style.

All sizes in black and the newest colours—of course.

Burby version of Alphonsine's newest bicorn.. In felt ...7.75

Lanson
55 West 34th St.
Just across from Hotel McAlpin

kins deserves special commendation for bringing Equipoise up to the race looking so well, as the colt had been in training since March.

THE quarter-of-an-hour delay in the stall gates was most trying thanks to the antics of Aegis, a colt with the manners of an outlaw broncho, whom Walter Jeffords sent to the post just to have his colors carried in the race. Twenty Grand's behavior was the best I have seen at the barrier in an important race all year. Equipoise showed unusual curiosity, craning his neck around the corner of his stall. During the ordeal most of the riders kept the weight off the backs of their mounts by bracing their feet against the tops of the stall-gate partitions. The stewards tell me this is permissible, and not a technical evasion of the rule that requires a horse to carry his weight to the post.

HALF of the horses were not ready when the tape snapped up, and Equipoise broke sidewise in a tangle. Mate, thanks to the alertness of McAtee, was off in front with Aegis, the villain of the piece, in closest attendance. Twenty Grand bore out his stable's fears that he would not be happy in the going. Nor did Equipoise stride out freely at first. He was a bad last going around the clubhouse turn and into the backstretch—it was here he cast a shoe—and had gone half a mile before he began to pick up the trailers. Then, in the breathless second as the field raced around the far turn, one half wished that he might tire or stumble—anything—so that he might not be beaten only a little after so gallant a race. Arriving in the stretch, he swept past everything but Mate, who had become unsettled by the crowd rushing to the rails, and Twenty Grand, who had come up fast on the inside to join battle. The three fought head and head for nearly a furlong, but in the last few strides Equipoise drew away. Sonny Whitney's introduction to the sport as an owner was a happy one, for it is something to win a race like that.

IT always is pleasant to return to Pimlico, but the weather for the opening day hardly could have been worse: rain, the first in Maryland in weeks, and a bitterly cold wind searching out every corner in the stand. For the rest of the week the going was heavy, and the results, particularly for those who back favorites, were deplor-

able. Pimlico may always be counted on to produce some innovation. This year it is an electric sign, a sort of glorified carriage-caller, that shows the changes in prices of the pari-mutuel betting. The order of finish also is displayed in electric lights.

THE Riggs Handicap, the last of the season's fixtures for three-year-olds, gave William Ziegler, Jr.'s, Spinach an opportunity to demonstrate how weak we are in stayers. The son of Sir Martin never was out of the first three, finishing the mile and a half on a tight rein. Her Grace made a valiant but futile attempt to catch him in the stretch, while Yarn either had trained off or did not like the going. William Woodward must have regretted again that Gallant Fox has gone to his old Kentucky home.

THE big event of the weekend was the Manly Memorial Steeplechase, which brought out a big crowd, and provided the easiest kind of victory for John Sanford's Tourist II. It was unfortunate that the Manly and the Temple Gwathmey 'Chase at Belmont Park should have conflicted, as there are few enough good jumpers for one race. I daresay Joseph Widener would have liked to win both with Arc Light, who had won the last two runnings of the Manly, but he had to make a choice. Until Thomas Hitchcock's Actor fell, half a mile from home, the Manly was a pretty race, although Tourist II always seemed master of it.

THE MORNING LINE: Vice-President Curtis warming himself at the clubhouse hearth between races. . . . Governor Ritchie arriving just in time to present the Manly Cup to Laddie Sanford. . . . The long queues buying two-dollar mutuel tickets, and the short queues at the fifty-dollar window. . . . "And must one wear riding kit to show one's interest in steeplechasing?" inquires the Honourable George. . . . The new blinkers, with the initials "C.V.W.," worn by Whitney horses. . . . The Pimlico band, the best at any race track, marching in the rain. . . . The stewards of the meeting wearing white roses in their coat lapels. . . . The show parlays that never go through.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE SUN COMES OUT FOR GOV. ROOSEVELT—*Headline in the Times.*

And you should have seen us horn in on it!

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Mme. Julie Bolegard, our Paris Stylist, recommends: "Brown Leaf" in sheer weights with burgundies, greens and dark browns; "Mauve Beige" with black, blue and beige ensembles; "Fall Nite," an indeterminate brownish-gray for "almost any" street wear; and by all means, our entrancing new "Off Black" Chiffon with its vague brown undertone, for dark evening gowns.

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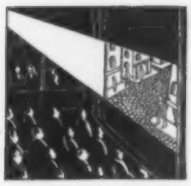
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Jenny Lind's Morals—Rogues and Riffs—Winnie Lightner Throws a Party



YOU will hear from the serious thinkers these days that the Noble Experiment of the talkies is a failure. They will tell you that there is need of an amendment, or even of a repeal, and that we must go back to the silent pictures, those dear, dead silent pictures which have acquired a prestige and esteem that they never enjoyed in their heyday. So few of the serious thinkers, I fear, really get about enough. They should go to some of those shows offered by the big movie hosts of Broadway, which begin at two of a Sabbath morning, or to the one at four. I think there is some balm in Hollywood after all.

The movie people seem to find some. They are not shunting their sound. They are even reaching out and elaborating it, featuring it more and more. At least I doubt if they would have sought out Grace Moore in her cranny of the Metropolitan in the days of the silent film, as they have done now to have her play Jenny Lind for them. Following their usual instincts, of course, they have put her, primarily a singer, in a story with as few songs as possible, with a definite plot development. They have conceded more than usual, to be sure, in "A Lady's Morals," as the film is enticingly called, and have allowed her an aria from "Norma" and one from "The Daughter of the Regiment," with both of which she does beautifully. But we must bother much too much with her morals instead of enjoying her talent.

The morals of Jenny Lind as shown us in this picture are of course impeccable and her whole temperament is tinged with a spirit of selfsacrifice not entirely traditional in the history of great prima donnas. Some hint is given of the peculiar trials of these valued artists, and we glimpse the tears behind the glory, and we see them as the victims of the public they serve, though Miss Moore's portrayal hardly makes this suffering very poignant. The young man of the story, who would threaten the perfection of her morals, is a composer of songs, but one seriously opposed to the rôle of a prima donna's husband. He follows her career loyally and on one occasion gets into a brawl with an unsympathetic audience and comes forth from it with some curious injury which leads to blindness. In the excitement Miss Lind is so overcome that she loses her voice for the time being, and in their mutual difficulty they are for the moment united to discuss the moral issue of their case. The valiant young man does not recover his sight, but Miss Lind does her voice, and on she goes for her American tour, her morals unimpaired.

Some of the American scenes are well handled, especially that in the interior of Castle Garden, with the great Barnum himself in evidence. In fact the prize episode on the screen this week is that moment in Jenny Lind's dressing-room when Mr. Barnum introduces her to the others of his troupe, and the contortionist hands her a bouquet. This is all pleasanter for everyone concerned than those long scenes with her blind lover.

THE problem of abstract morality has somewhat disturbed the authors of "Renegades," and in their alarm they have let the last episodes of their film grow somewhat murky and obscure. Their problem is not easy. It is simpler to present the purity of Jenny Lind than it is to portray the spiritual integrity of the Foreign Legion. Perhaps if they hadn't bothered about whitewashing their hero quite so much at the end, the occasional moments of good old melodrama they have got would have stood out more satisfactorily. There is something of a "Beau Geste" suggestion here in the comradeship of four men, the incorrigibles of the squadron: an ex-American gunman, an ex-French officer, an ex-Russian count, and an ex-German burgher. They are enough trouble to their commanding officer, though not as difficult as the lady in the case: one mysterious and sinister Eleonore, played by Myrna Loy, who appears to be as dangerous a spinster as all the Riffs in Africa put together. She is the girl, it appears, who knew the ex-French officer (Warner Baxter) in his more honored days, and her avocation of spying had brought

"While I think of it, Horace, you ought to get your hair cut."

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FIFTH FLOOR

MACY'S
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New York

about his disgrace. Their mutual memories are far from fond, and there is no letdown in the scrap between them until, on the final desert battlefield, she dies; but not before she has used her strength to shoot him fatally, and settle accounts for once and all.

THIS grim and lugubrious note doesn't pervade all the pictures this week. Winnie Lightner in "The Life of the Party," at the Winter Garden, does something to counteract this general effect of gloom. Certainly she makes a great effort to be gay, and sometimes she is funny, though she is often merely that terrible product of evolution, a noisy woman. This is broad farce with some musical moments, the picture screened entirely in color, and deals with the familiar tale of two gold-diggers and their aspirations in a big Havana hotel. Their plans at one time require Winnie to mount a horse and ride the race as a jockey, a scene harrowing and yet exhilarating. The picture's wit consists of such lines as "To a man, a widow is like finding another drink in the bottle when he thought it was empty," but Charles Butterworth shuffles about drolly and cracks peanuts, that sharp sound of the peanut-cracking being one of the popular contributions given us by the talkies.

"THE CAT CREEPS" is one of those thrillers that aren't grim because they're so frankly out for thrills. This comes from the old classic, "The Cat and the Canary," and has all the old hokum: the big lonely house at midnight, sliding panels, an escaped madman, groping, clawlike hands in the

What . . .

you have those What-price-night-club Blues too? Well, why don't you do as others do? After the theatre, pop your Beautiful Lady and yourself into a taxi, pop out again at the sign of the Roosevelt Hotel, and follow your ears to the Grill Room where Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are going through their paces... After you've paid the check, you'll find plenty left over to make a date then and there for Tea Dancing next Saturday afternoon, or Dinner Dancing some evening soon, in the same attractive Grill Room, with the same suave music at your command.

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William Harris, Jr., presents this comedy by Zoë Akins
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"Ho, blunderbuss. Don't you know the way out yet? We all used to suffer thus. Now we give 'em a telephone number and tell 'em to shift for themselves without a nurse. Bascom, just above 44th, you know."

* * *

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shadows, and a beautiful young heiress (Helen Twelvetrees) who is the focus of all these terrors. It's blatantly old-fashioned hokum, yet I found it entertaining in a way. Certainly more so than the long, gloomy, pretentious "Suspense," which the English have given us this week. This is a war picture about soldiers in a trench which they know the Germans are busily mining. Added to the Cockney of their speech is the steady thump-thump of the Germans digging underneath, and together the two sounds are wearing upon our gentle Manhattan eardrums. Now and then machine-gun fire adds its note to the general confusion. From this picture I can understand why in New York the original play ran only five days.

FOR the benefit of our Swedish subscribers, I should perhaps announce that there is a talkie in their mother tongue at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. —J. C. M.

•

TO A METROPOLITAN

My longing, dearest, is not damped by smoke
I really, really, *really* do not care
What kind of dirty fog has settled down;
For mine's a heart that always has a joke
To pay against the grime-polluted air.
Please, pretty blonde, smooth out your sooty frown,
Disgruntle with a *mot* the downsideup
And upsidedownness of the way things are;
Let not the ineffectiveness of char
Destroy for you our sweet ambrosial sup.
Fill up the anthracited samovar
And drain with me the much-encindered cup.
And in return I swear that I'll forget
That I first loved you blonde and not brunette. —FILLMORE HYDE

•

"That almost compels me to come down and whip you," said the Mayor, rising, his face white with rage, and he added, "you dirty little whelp."—*The Evening Post.*

The give and take continued, until Mayor Walker's face reddened and he shouted: "I feel like thrashing you, you whelps!"—*The World.*

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where there's paramount's "laughter"..borne along on the swift breeze of donald ogden stewart's dialog and the skillful shoulders of nancy carroll, fredric march, frank morgan and glenn anders. an augmented stage show celebrates paramount's fourth anniversary.

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34th Street and Broadway
New York

PORTRAIT OF A REFEREE

YOU'VE seen his name often enough with those of Dr. E. J. O'Brien, Tufts; W. G. Crowell, Swarthmore; Ed Thorp, De La Salle; Walter R. Okeson, Lehigh. He is one of the best of the football officials.

You've seen him in white linen knickerbockers, gray woollen socks, gray cap, football shoes, blue bow tie, his hands on his hips, talking to other officials before the game starts. Sometimes he holds the ball, tucked into the bend of his arm. Sometimes he rests his foot on it, staring impersonally at the crowd.

Before the game starts he waddles, because he's getting fat, and no amount of summer golf seems to stay the growing bulges. But beginning with the kickoff, if he is the referee, he becomes active, hurdling over recumbent players, diving into a pile-up to find the ball. While your favorite team has the ball he angers you by moving it back a foot or so after every play. But he knows. He knows that there isn't a player in the world who doesn't push the ball as far forward as he can get it. Rather, I should say, there isn't an average player who won't. The best of them make their ground and leave the ball where they were downed. That's because of the confidence of knowing that they're good and that there's no necessity for chiselling an extra twelve inches.

IT is a curious thing about him that while the game is on he never once looks a player in the eye if he can help it. If he makes a questionable decision and decides to listen to the affected captain's protest, he will put his hands on his hips and look up at the sky, biting his lower lip, sometimes rubbing his chin with a grimy hand. At the conclusion of the boy's excited speech he will look down at the ground and vigorously shake his head so that every person in the stands will know that he is saying *"No!"* Then he will whistle for time-on and get to his position. He will disregard the first few epithets of the unsuccessful pleader. But he won't lean over backward to give that captain a break on the next play. If, for instance, Yale argues that its man who failed to receive a forward pass was interfered with, and he doesn't think the man *was* interfered with, he will disallow the pass. But if Yale again tries a pass, and it is debatable whether the receiver was interfered with, he will

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disallow it again rather than permit Princeton to think that he was giving Yale a break.

And of course he knows that many captains protest as a matter of tactical practice, to intimidate referees. They don't intimidate *him*.

IN college he played in the line, and the chances are you never heard of him, but he knew his football. Line players make the best officials anyhow: they are temperamentally suited to the stubbornness that the job requires, and technically they are well equipped for the job, too, because they are interested in how the line is playing, and will, therefore, keep their eye on the line. That's where most offences against the rules occur.

He is virile enough, God knows. For example: there is a certain school of football thought which believes that it is a good idea to give the player who opposes you a crack in the jaw on the first play, to find out whether he's yellow or not. Particularly is this true among tackles, guards, and centres. Well, at no time has he ever penalized a player for these tactics, mainly because he himself subscribes to that theory. But he will let no other unnecessary roughness get by. He knows all the tricks about elbows and knees, and the heel of a hand. Particularly is he savagely alert against piling-on, because he once heard the loud snap of his best friend's leg as it broke. He will never forget that, and the "Oh, God!" that followed it.

Strictly speaking, he is a professional. He receives as much as two hundred dollars for working a game. And expenses. Unlike a baseball official, he is permitted to fraternize with the coach and players. He sees no reason that would be embarrassing, and if he were to hear that it does embarrass them, he probably would deny it, considering it an imputation of dishonesty. He regards himself as a good fellow, and likes to sit quietly in a Pullman smoker

Perfume, like a mirror, should reflect the wearer's personality. If your skin, hair and eyes are in radiant brunette tones, you should use the essence that so perfectly suits your beauty . . . Lionceau's Parfum pour Brunes. This subtle, clinging odeur is also to be had in face powder, dusting powder, lipstick, and dice-style lip paste. Sold at the better shops.

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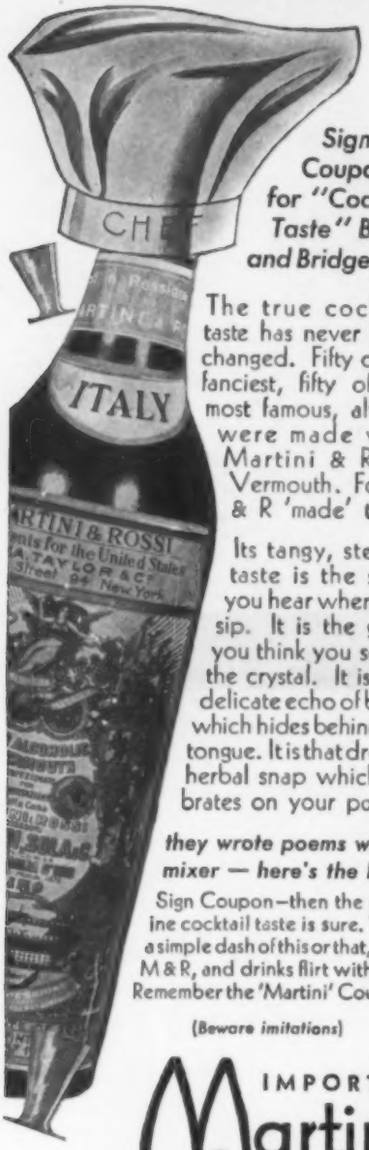

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they wrote poems with a mixer — here's the book

Sign Coupon—then the genuine cocktail taste is sure. Then, a simple dash of this or that, some M & R, and drinks flirt with you. Remember the 'Martini' Coupon!

(Beware imitations)

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Please send, free of charge, Combination Bridge Score Pad (Auction and Contract) containing Special Collection of World's Most Famous Cocktail Recipes and full directions—now revised and expanded.

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DEALER'S NAME_____

while football is being discussed. When he can stand no more of it he will announce who he is, and usually his name is recognized, and he will invite questions, especially critiques on the various stars.

HE played at the University of Pennsylvania and is in the coal business in Philadelphia. He has a home in Overbrook, a Buick sedan—which he never drives to games that are more than fifty miles away—and he belongs to a country club. He likes to be called to the telephone in the middle of the night to answer football queries from very dull people. His wife wishes that some of the wives of the swells who talk football with him would invite them to dinner. They never do. She was a pretty little nobody who married him at the height of his purely local fame. They have no children.

Until his junior year in college, when he got a rush of social ambitions to the head, he wanted to become a boxer.

He is never tempted to be dishonest, except at golf.

Although he is forty-three years old, he wears his fraternity pin, and a gold football on his watch chain. He also wears a wrist watch and a Masonic ring. He thinks T. Truxtun Hare was the greatest football-player he ever saw.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

SING A SONG

Sing a song of murders,
Rothstein in the hall,
Diamond in scarlet silk,
Elwell in a shawl—
Teeth upon the mantel,
Ladies in the bed—
Sing a song of strange men,
Living, dying, dead.

No one saw him enter,
No one saw her go—
No one ever wondered—
No one seems to know—
Razors by the dozens,
Guns in every drawer,
Whispers growing fainter,
Scandals by the score.

Sing a song of murders,
Rackets growing grim,
Chips upon the table top
Ready for the trim.
Suckers growing sore, or
A lady's grim resolves—
Sing a song of little crimes
No one ever solves!

—DOROTHY DOW

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THE ART GALLERIES

Stallions and Temples—
To Surprise Your Friends
—Academic Apostate

ART is now way uptown, the house of Demotte having gone in for modern paintings. In other years these august portals opened only for the elect who knew the difference between the Louis and used Gobelins for bathmats. Now they swing wide for the shuffling feet of Greenwich Village and all who may like to gape.

The current show, which closes Saturday, November 15, is of Chirico, in past seasons a visitor in Fifty-seventh Street. We find nothing new to write about this Greek among the Parisians. He knows as much about painting as any of his generation and he can show you the roots of his craft, as he does in his "Romantic Farewells," right out of Delacroix. He is content, however, to go on with his stallions and Greek temples and mystic interpretations. One or two Chiricos we find thrilling, but somehow in a room of them we wonder if it were not time for the artist to move on to a horse of another color.

The catalogue for the present show is an advance over some that we have seen, giving rather simple titles for the canvases, which consequently do not seem quite so obtuse.

WEYHE has hung a show that he hopes will appeal to those who have friends marrying or who give holiday surprises. It is a mixed affair, the main interest centring in two or three drawings by Goya and some nice studies by Degas. There are also lithographs by Adolf Dehn and Mabel Dwight.

THE brilliant galleries of Marie Harriman have been turned over to Walt Kuhn. Like Alexander Brooks and Sterne, Kuhn has a taste for pigment, a lusty liking for the medium itself, and a dashing way of using it. He was one of the first to see the light at the time of the Armory show, and for a while was one of the rebellious young men who looked upon all aca-

POLLYANNA *In the Rain*

On dry days habitual subway travellers should take comfort in thinking how much more unpleasant the subway is on wet days. On dry days there are no wet clothes to make the smell as bad as on wet days. There is more room to stand up in because people are not wearing unpleasant wet raincoats. And although one may be trampled on there is practically no chance of getting one's eye poked with an umbrella. On wet days one can only cling to the thought, so ably expressed by Mr. Coolidge, that rain in moderate quantities is good for the crops. And after all if you don't like the subway in wet weather there is always Tudor City*.

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demic things as anathema; but he has painted himself through that phase and seems content now to use the academic viewpoint, plus a little that is alive.

He suffers from this division of interest. Most of the followers of the old school like their subjects pretty, but Kuhn has chosen to use the burlesque girl and the acrobat as the main motifs of his song. He seems happiest out-of-doors, achieving some nice poetic landscapes in the better French tradition.

AN assortment of books has come to this department, by far the most interesting of which is "Picasso," by Maud Dale. It belongs to that Modern Art series sponsored by Knopf and is a brief outline of Picasso's life and work, with fifty plates to illustrate the text. With the Carnegie Prize going to the popular Parisian, there will be a good deal of interest in a painter who otherwise would be taboo. The book is clear and concise and gives you what you want to know without all the encrustations that usually go with art writing. The plates are medium—as good, we suppose, as you can get in this country.

From the Masters of Etching series sponsored by William Edwin Rudge, we have received two—"Levon West" and "Robert Austin." Neither book is much to own unless you are a nut about reproductions of etchings. In the Masters of the Color Print series issued by the same firm there is a nice volume on Hokusai, well meriting your attention. There are eight color prints

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of a fine quality and an interesting introduction.

The other two items are from Dutton—"Ultimo" and "Everyman." The former is a goofy sort of enterprise with text by Ruth and "projections" by John Vassos. The pictures, if in color, would make good posters for some brand of bed or bacon. "Everyman" is a retelling of the old morality with woodcuts by Thomas Derrick.

HERE AND THERE: Gordon Grant is holding a show of ships at the Howard Young Galleries. . . . The Arden Gallery has the Munson collection of historical miniatures. . . . Maurice Prendergast is showing at Kraushaar. . . . Norma Jeanne Bernstein will be at the Morton Galleries November 17. . . . The Newark Museum has an exhibition of American Primitives. . . . Suzanne Silvercruys Farnam is exhibiting sculpture at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries. . . . The Women's University Club has a show of Matilda Browne. . . . The Robertson-Deschamps Gallery has dog etchings by Morgan Dennis. . . . Knoedler has an exhibition of Rembrandt etchings. . . . The Roerich Museum has a show of Ramon de Zubiaurre; also one of Eugène Zak, from the Chester Dale collection. . . . Henri Navarre, who did some of the decorative glass on the Île de France, is exhibiting at the Ehrich Galleries. . . . Edouard Jonas has a show of Lucien Adrion. . . . Water colors and drawings of Carolina, by Alice Huger Smith, are at the Ackermann Galleries.

Closing Saturday, November 15: George Pearse Ennis, at the Babcock Galleries. . . . E. Lansingh Muir and William H. Muir, at the Art Center. . . . Lillian Prentiss, at the G.R.D. Studio. —MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

CRUMBS

I have no use for loaves
And less for cakes,
Preferring casual crumbs
When the bread breaks,

Such feasts as birds enjoy
Beneath the nose
Of some tall munching horse
At his repose.

Great things expected long
Lose all their savor
Where trivialities
May please by flavor.

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

LE MOMENT TERRIBLE

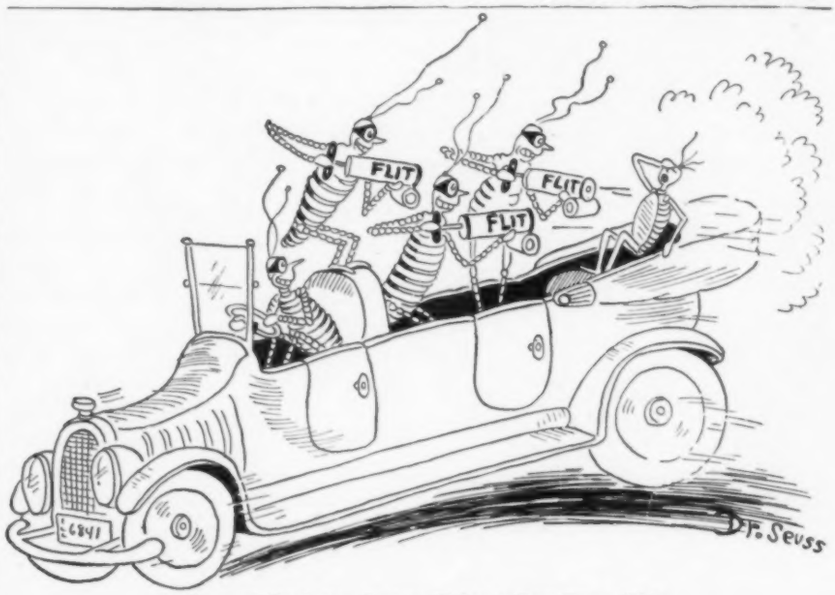
(THE TERRIBLE MOMENT)

If when traveling, you are surprised in a little pic-nic (pronounced peek-neek) by madame (the wife) . . . quelle affaire . . .

be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



A Gang of Racketeer Insects Takes a Bug For a Ride.

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COURT GAMES

Racquet and Rockaway —Three Straight—The Favorites Stay at Home

LAST week's match between Herbert Rawlins of the Racquet Club and Palmer Dixon of Rockaway Hunting in an ordinary interclub engagement—and almost at the very beginning of the season at that—resulted in some of the best squash racquets this surfeited department has ever seen. We were, in fact, so interested that we stayed and kept track of the score, instead of following our usual system of wandering from one court to another and finding out who won by asking people afterward. Our notes on the four games played show that in the first Rawlins got off to a 5–0 lead; then, after a rally so long that you could go downstairs, call up all your friends, and come back to see the end of it, Dixon broke through and scored two points, after which hand-in seesawed around, with Rawlins serving twice to Dixon's once, until it was 13–6. The last few points Dixon outplayed his man 3–2, and lost the game at 9–15.

In the second game, Dixon was careful enough to keep Rawlins from starting off with so much of a bang, and after the score had been tied at 6–all, alternated smashing the ball well into the back of the court with dropping it just above the telltale, until he had won 15–8. Rawlins' form in this game wasn't as good as in the first, but in the next, after trailing at 4–6, he apparently remembered that he is National champion and that this would never do. Averaging almost two points to his opponent's one, if our arithmetic is correct, he brought the score to 13–7. At this point, in a series of remarkable volleys, to the accompaniment of repeated "Beautiful!"s and applause from the gallery, Dixon took four points in succession, finally losing at 12–15. Rawlins started the fourth game with another spectacular lead, 7–1, and, play after this being extremely even, won 15–8.

IN a match of this sort you can't get much of an idea of the respective

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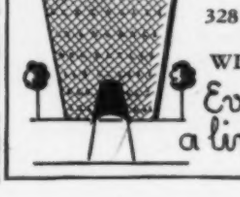

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merits of the players by reading the score; it would seem from this one, for example, that in the first and last games Rawlins was about twice as good as Dixon. You have to be there —to see the long rallies that precede the scoring of practically every point, the changes of pace and direction, the unbelievable gets made by both men—in order to realize how closely contested such an affair is. Jay Iselin, who got through his match in time to see the last half, was greatly impressed. "That is my idea of squash," he remarked.

ISELIN did pretty well himself, defeating his opponent—J. Henry Harper—in three straight games. Lathrop Haskins required no more to get the better of E. M. Jonklaas, but all were close. Jonklaas, no matter how exciting the play, always found time to steady his bat with his left hand between each shot—which is very reassuring in this era of sloppiness and loose thinking. George M. Laimbeer, playing for Rockaway, lost to Ogden Phipps in five long-drawn-out games. Phipps, playing No. 5 man in place of W. A. W. Stewart, Jr., did very well, specializing in marvellous gets and little measly balls just over the telltale. Laimbeer drew a certain amount of attention to himself by hitting the ball every now and then in such a way that when it came off the wall it merely rolled, instead of bouncing from the floor. Perry Pease drew a left-handed opponent, Junius A. Richards; which must have baffled him—he was the only man on the Racquet Club team to be beaten. An interesting feature of this match was that Pease, although the ultimate loser, won the fourth game 15–0.

THE opening Class A squash-tennis matches of the season were fairly dismal for those who like to see the old favorites in action. Rowland Haines, Henry Thorne, Murray Taylor, and E. R. Larigan were running around courts in various parts of town, to be sure; but Harry Wolf didn't play, owing to G. M. Rushmore's default; and where were Fillmore Hyde, Hewitt Morgan, William Rand, and Morris Phinney of Harvard; Tom Coward and Auguste Cordier of Yale; Dr. Mixsell of Princeton; Murray Lee, Dallas Haines, and Jerome Kerbeck of Columbia?

This is a rhetorical question and we have no intention of trying to answer it. —G. T. H.

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RECENT BOOKS

Mill Novel—Colette—On Rural England—War Spies—
By the Laureate—Our City—The Arts—Robert Frost

HOW about a little saga from Iceland? Or an epic from Russia? Or something about the war spies in England? The books of the week will lead you into many strange paths if you happen to be the sort of person who is easily lured by book jackets.

HOWEVER, taking you firmly by the hand, I will first introduce to you "Strike!," by Mary Heaton Vorse. It is a novel about industrial conditions in the Southern textile mills—don't get restless and pull away; it is really not only fine writing but accurate, sympathetic, and restrained reporting. This is no soap-box oratory that I am recommending to you but a novel written temperately, sorrowfully, and sensitively.

Now almost all novels about industrial wrongs are written according to formula. You have the visionary leader, who is a martyr to his cause. You have the factory owner, who is usually a spendthrift, a rascal, and a hypocrite. And you have the chorus of decidedly unmerry villagers whose troubles are the routine and distressingly recurrent tragedies of poverty.

Mrs. Vorse sticks to some of the stock figures of industrial tragedy, perhaps for the very good reason that these are the necessary actors in any drama of this kind. But she gives beauty to her book and strength to her argument by localizing her characters and events. This is a story that could have occurred only in the South; these are workers, not of New England or Pennsylvania, but of the Southern mountains. The mob violence which mutters and threatens all through the story is not the clang of riot; it is what Mrs. Vorse herself calls a "lynchy feeling." The workers are swayed, not by pamphlets and posters but by ballads, and their cause becomes inextricably confused with their religion.

So, all questions of controversy aside, this subtle mixture of story-telling and reporting demands your admiration. It is decent, intelligent, and free from the sort of claptrap sensationalism that invariably sends gentle-minded persons scurrying from Labor vs. Capital novels.

If I may pause to add a cynical comment, I'd like to say that, were the book a translation from the German or Russian, or were it the effort of an earnest young Englishman, it would undoubtedly cause a great rumpus.

"The Swami says, dear, that our bodies are purely imaginary—only our minds exist."

HERE is your book from Russia—"Women and Monks," by Joseph Kallinikov. There should be a sign on Russian books reading: "Literature under construction. Pass at your own risk." Speaking as one who has remarkable patience with the vast cast of characters of Russian novels, with the intricacies of names and nicknames and with the countless footnotes telling how many *versts* in a mile, I will come right out and say that "Women and Monks" was tough going. It deals with the religious, peasant, and small-town life in Russia during the twenty-five years that preceded the Revolution. I liked best those strange, disturbing foreshadowings of the great trouble to come. I liked least those chapters telling of the love-life of the monks, with their repugnant, alien medievalism. Moreover, the book's looseness of structure was disconcerting.

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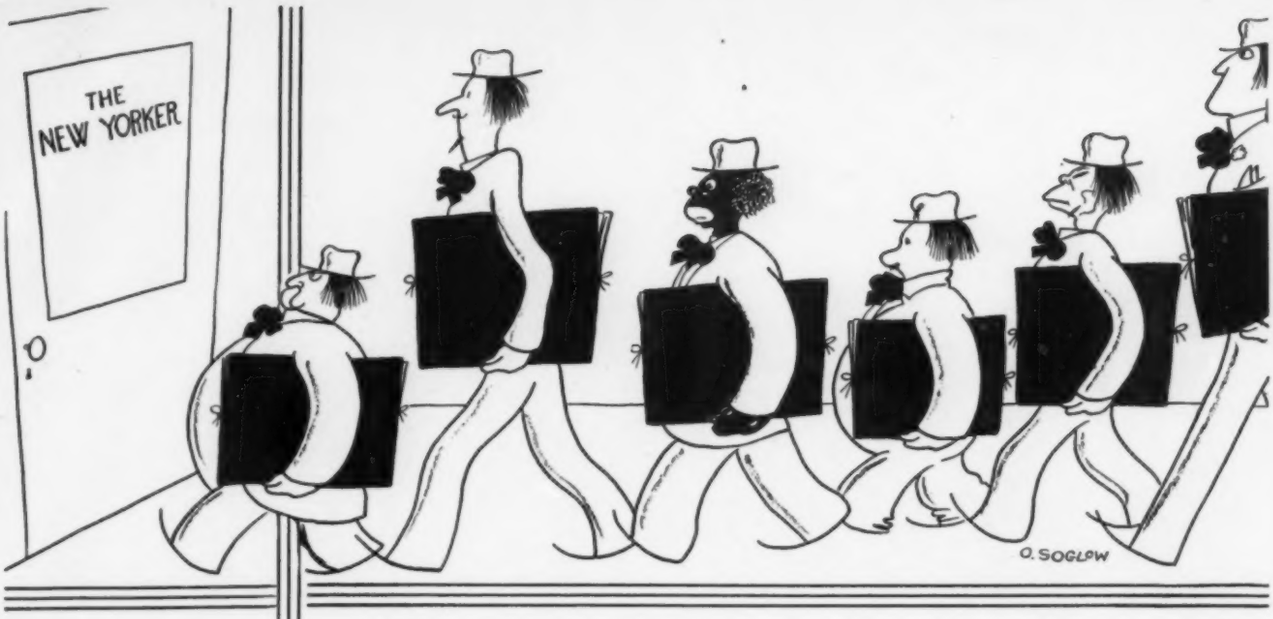
MY old friend, Colette, comes along with another book—this one written in collaboration with Willy. "Claudine at School" is one of Colette's earliest endeavors. It is a naughty, accurate, mean, wise, and amusing account of an adolescent girl's relations with her teachers and her schoolmates. All that the weighty psychoanalysts write about so solemnly, Colette says with a leer. Wisdom has no right to be so flippant; shocking things have no



NEW YORKER Readers . . .

beware!

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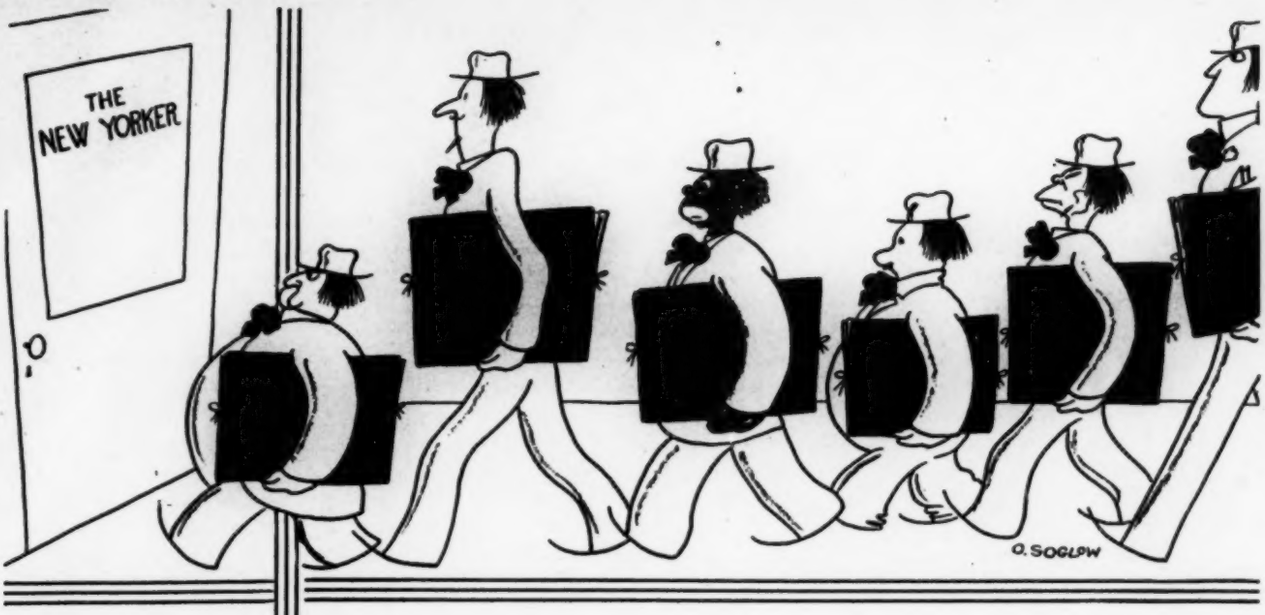

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right to be dismissed as of no permanent importance. If Colette were duller, she would be taken more seriously; such graceful and mischievous writing has no business being coupled with so much essential sanity.

THEN there is "The Village Book," by Henry Williamson, one of those rare souls who still love rural England and are able to write about the English countryside without sounding like an enraptured week-ender. This is a simple, leisurely book, of country manners, rural dramas, small comedies, and remote, shy beauties. He writes well about trees, animals, flowers, and farm things. When it comes right down to it, "The Village Book" is a relief in a week like this.

"SECRET SERVICE," too, has an appealing simplicity, of a different sort. Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. (which is pure Gilbert and Sullivan), writes of the melodramas that were enacted in the War Office during the Four Years and of the various habits and methods of the German spies. Sir George has an honest admiration for Lody, who was one of the celebrated enemies, and pays tribute to the man's memory. The book has a grand appendix which gives you some famous codes and ciphers and tells you how you, too, may write letters with invisible ink.

NOW for some books which you really must own. There is "Lichee Nuts," by Edgar Lee Masters, a collection of ironic, witty, and beautiful poems in the Chinese manner. Mr. Masters can always work his wiles with me. Even while definitely resolving *not* to be Spoon River, Mr. Masters condenses a score of dramas in his short poems. "Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera," by George S. Chappell, recommends itself. Mr. Chappell, you know, can give a better burlesque of a dumb explorer than any current humorist. In fact, he is even funnier than a dumb explorer. The pictures in the book are by O. Soglow, which is an added inducement. Then there is "The Third New Yorker Album" blooming in the bookstores with its collection of the best drawings of the year. And when I say "best" I don't want to hear any back-talk. —A. W. S.

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2 vols., 4to. half morocco. London, 1825. First Edition; fine copy.

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By James Boswell. 2 vols., 4to. full modern calf. London, 1791. First edition with principal corrections and additions.

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to be used to point out any great trends in literature, cultural tendencies, or whatnot, so the best thing to do, I imagine, is just to start right in on them. The most important, historically at any rate, is John Masefield's new book, "The Wanderer of Liverpool," his first since he became Poet Laureate. The Wanderer was that queer ship, one of the last of the British clippers, which killed her captain on her maiden voyage, and went about for some years thereafter, always at storm centres, dropping sailors from her yardarms, drowning others. The major portion of the book is a precise history of her unlucky career, in prose except for two passages in long pentameters, unrhymed, celebrating her first voyage and her last, in which she was sunk in Hamburg harbor. It is dry reading for the most part, very dry, and Mr. Masefield must have had some reason for making it so: obviously, he is too capable a writer not to have seen greater possibilities in all these stormy adventures. Toward the end of the story, he regrets having said things in previous writings which might have increased the hard-luck legends which grew about the Wanderer. It may be that, conscious of a new responsibility as Laureate, he published this factual narrative to make amends. Following it, there are a masque and a number of shorter verses, including several sonnets—gentle, but not very thoughtful, regrets for the old days of sailing ships.

THERE are two other books, having more or less to do with the sea. One is "When Ships Were Ships," by Captain William Morris Barnes, an aged mariner now domiciled at Sailors' Snug Harbor. Mrs. Hilda Renbold Wortman (the wife of Denys Wortman, the artist, by the way) came across him one day sitting in Abingdon Square and got him to tell the story of his life into a dictaphone, from which the book was transcribed. You may about now begin feeling sorry for the poor old fellow, run afoul of the publishing racket in the evening of his days, and forced to come across with all he can think of in the way of reading matter, but after mature consideration I don't see why you should. On the other hand, of course, I don't see why you shouldn't. Anyway, those old fellows like to talk, and can be worth listening to at times. By the

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dictaphone method, you can at least shut him off whenever you want, and pick him up again somewhere else. I found much of it very amusing.

The other book is "Doubloons," by Charles B. Driscoll. Buried treasure, everywhere from Nova Scotia down to Vigo Bay, all of it well authenticated. Mr. Driscoll, except for an occasional tendency to make puns and light witticisms, writes very capably, and handles his subject with such authority that he often gets you into that ultimate state for readers of treasure-hunting yarns. That is, you get to squirming in your chair: "Why doesn't he try once more to get that bullion out? I'll bet I could."

MEANTIME, Paul Morand has published his "New York." The French edition was in the bookshops here four or five months ago, and maybe you saw it then. If you didn't, this is a very capable translation (also brought up to date in such matters as the Chrysler Building, etc.) by Mr. Hamish Miles. It is, all in all, an excellent guidebook to the city, especially for the New Yorker himself. Almost too much of a guidebook, in fact; the fault I find with it is that he rarely lets himself go about what he thinks of all this. Otherwise, it's full of excellent stuff: the chapter on the New York theatre, for instance, beginning with a sparkling description of Times Square. Moreover, it makes a number of those statements which, if you like your city, you've always wanted to make yourself but, being a native, haven't quite dared: that the Harlem River has all the flavor of the Canal Saint-Martin, say, or that Tenth Avenue is very like the Exterior Boulevards. M. Morand, in short, found New York much more interesting than many New Yorkers.

WE move on to Oliver M. Sayler and his "Revolt in the Arts." It is a curious book, principally because you are likely to be puzzled by Mr. Sayler's point of view, as expressed in the long monograph by which he introduces the essays of the contributors to his symposium, for symposium it is. Briefly, he seems somehow to have got things backward. He feels that the revolutions in methods of reproduction and dissemination of the arts (book clubs, the movies, radio, etc.) have in some way backfired on the artists and started them revolving in their turn. Anyway, it isn't tremendously important; Hart Crane, now that he's done

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his piece on modern poetry, will go on writing; George Gershwin will continue to turn out music; and Albert Coates to conduct. All these are among the contributors, as are Louis Bromfield, Lillian Gish, Martha Graham, Eva Le Gallienne, David Belasco, and others.

A REPRINT of William Bolitho's casual pieces in the New York *World* is also out, under the title "Camera Obscura." Many of the pieces have the definite flavor of occasional writing, which means that you can get along very well without the book, all things considered. On the other hand, there are a few, here and there, which reveal that after all he had the soul, so rare nowadays, of an essayist. —R. M. C.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

STRIKE!, by Mary Heaton Vorse (*Liveright*). A sympathetic reporter tells a touchingly beautiful story of a strike in a Southern textile mill.

CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL, by Colette and Willy (*A. & C. Boni*). Naughty, wise, and witty chronicle of the doings in a French provincial school.

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS, by Gunnar Gunnarsson (*Macmillan*). Icelandic tragedy, written with striking imaginative power.

WOMEN AND MONKS, by Joseph Kallinikov (*Harcourt, Brace*). The goings-on in a Russian monastery town. Intolerably long.

SUCCESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger (*Viking*). A long, ponderous, but tremendously engrossing drama of modern Munich.

PHILIPPA, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton Mifflin*). Another modern girl makes a nuisance of herself, in a very genteel novel.

CERTAIN PEOPLE, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). Excellent collection of short stories by a lady who knows her stuff.

THE JOHN RIDDELL MURDER CASE, by John Riddell (Corey Ford) (*Scribner*). A lot of kidding. Pictures by Covarrubias.

DOG STORIES, by John Held, Jr. (*Vanguard*). Fine, unsentimental, and well-told stories, with elegant pictures.

SONG OF THE WHEATFIELDS, by Ferenc Móra (*Brewer & Warren*). An earthy tale of Hungarian peasantry.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay (*Liveright*). The gayest of the new novels. Please read it.

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH, by Martha Ostenso (*Dodd, Mead*). A story of family tyranny, excellently written.

EVERY MOTHER'S SON, by Norman Lindsay (*Cosmopolitan*). Family life again—and a rather sordid story of adolescence.

A ROOM IN BERLIN, by Gunther Birkenfeld (*Liveright*). A slum tragedy written on a Grecian theme.

MOSAIC, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). A witty and gaily colored picture of a flamboyant lady. Continuing, of course, the drama of the Matriarch's family.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). More

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about the Sangers: this time Caryll and Sebastian are the chief actors in a fascinating story.

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The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield (*Harcourt, Brace*). A serene, sensitive novel about a charming woman. Worth your while.

Miss Mole, by E. H. Young (*Harcourt, Brace*). The drama of a super-servant. A real and living picture of one of the season's best heroines.

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, by Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). George Sherston, the English fox-hunting gentleman, goes to war.

Cakes and Ale: or the Skeleton in the Cupboard, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). The wickedest and most amusing of current novels. In which literary idols are shaken out of their niches.

Quiet Street, by Michael Ossorgin (*Dial Press*). The novel of the Russian Revolution that you have been waiting for.

A Note in Music, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

Mysteries

Charlie Chan Carries On, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . The Snake of Luvercy, by Maurice Renard (*Dutton*). . . . Mary Roberts Rinehart's Mystery Book (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . Four Faultless Felons, by G. K. Chesterton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . The Murder at the Vicarage, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . The Piccadilly Murder, by Anthony Berkeley (*Crime Club*). . . . Strong Poison, by Dorothy L. Sayers (*Brewer & Warren*).

General

The Village Book, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Beautifully written chronicle of life in an English rural community.

New York, by Paul Morand (*Henry Holt*). A cosmopolite sees New York.

The Third New Yorker Album (*Doubleday, Doran*). Do your Christmas shopping early!

Lichee Nuts, by Edgar Lee Masters (*Liveright*). Some witty poems that you can't afford to miss.

The Wanderer of Liverpool, by John Masefield (*Macmillan*). Masefield's first book since he was made Poet Laureate. Important principally for that reason.

Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera, by George S. Chappell (*Stokes*). Very funny. Pictures by O. Soglow.

When Ships Were Ships, by Capt. William Morris Barnes (*A. & C. Boni*). The tale of an ancient mariner.

Doubloons, by Charles B. Driscoll (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Businesslike but exciting stories of buried treasure.

Secret Service, by Major-General Sir George Aston (*Cosmopolitan*). Good stories of spies, with directions on how to invent codes and ciphers at home.

Camera Obscura, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). Collection of his

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THE TREASURER'S REPORT (And Other Aspects of Community Singing), by Robert Benchley (*Harper*). Naturally, you'll want it. Pictures by Gluyas Williams.

SOME FOLKS WON'T WORK, by Clinch Calkins (*Harcourt, Brace*). A panorama of the jobless. Read it for your soul's sake.

JEB STUART, by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. (*Scribner*). A particularly glamorous picture of the gonfalonier of the Confederacy.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL, edited by Richard Aldington (*Dial Press*). For your library, even if you're not amused by the eighteenth-century diarist's accounts of his amours.

CHICAGO SURRENDERS, by Edward Dean Sullivan (*Vanguard*). The lowdown on the Jake Lingle case. Swell reading.

THE THIRD DEGREE, by Emanuel H. Lavine (*Vanguard*). Exposing certain medieval practices in police circles.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, by Havelock Ellis (*Houghton Mifflin*). Some great essays collected in one volume.

YE OLDE FIRE LADDIES, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). Firemen in plug hats.

SINS OF NEW YORK, by Edward Van Every (*Stokes*). A hundred and twenty prints from the *Police Gazette*, which ought to entice you.

SWIFT, by Carl Van Doren (*Viking*). Intelligent *causerie* on the famous Dean.

THE ADVENTURE OF SCIENCE, by Benjamin Ginzburg (*Simon & Schuster*). Careers and discoveries of great men of science, from Pythagoras on. Valuable.

AS WE WERE, by E. F. Benson (*Longmans, Green*). Gossip of Victoria's day, by the son of an archbishop.

R. V. R., by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. Van Loon, in the guise of an imaginary ancestor, writes a diary that is also an excellent biography of Rembrandt.

PEARLS, ARMS AND HASHISH, by Henri de Monfried, as told to Ida Treat (*Coward-McCann*). A Red Sea smuggler tells his adventures without melodrama, but with plenty of excitement.

THREE VIRGINS OF HAWORTH, by Emilie and Georges Romieu (*Dutton*). The pitiful tale of the Brontë sisters. Doesn't try to wring out pathos but succeeds.

TWO YEARS, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). The Odyssey of an Irishman, and a study in unrest.

THE END OF THE WORLD, by Geoffrey Dennis (*Simon & Schuster*). Prose poem full of wonder and terror. Enough to scare you out of your wits.

GOOD-BYE TO WESTERN CULTURE, by Norman Douglas (*Harper*). The most brilliant—and probably final—answer to "Mother India." And a terrific attack on Mother England.

BEASTS CALLED WILD, by André Demaison, translated by Guy Endore (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Superb stories of African animals.

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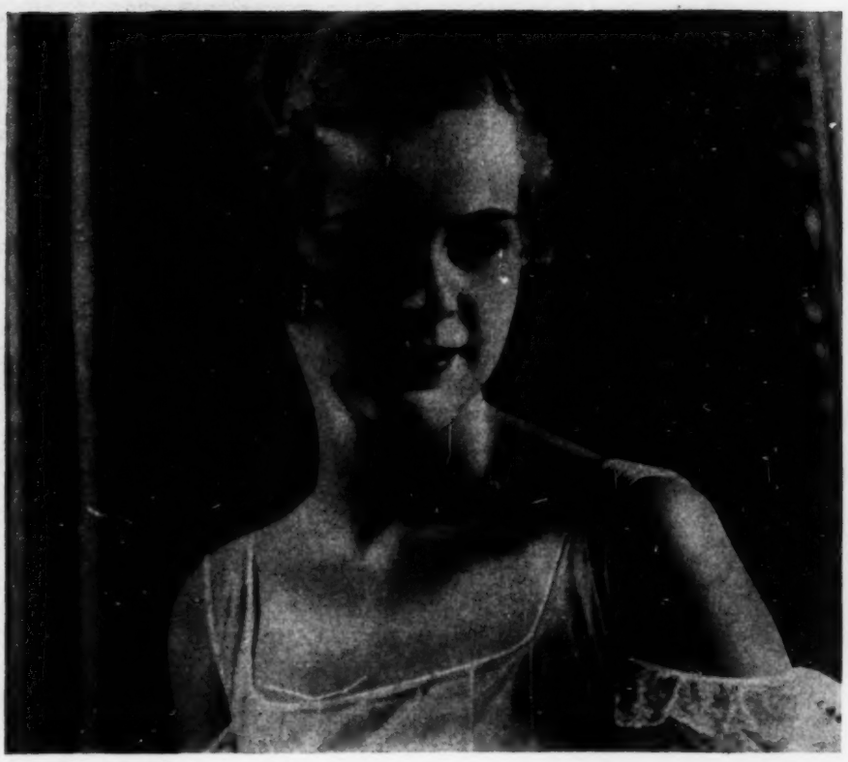

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Here is the finest home instrument that ever carried the RCA trade-mark . . . the most highly perfected instrument that the world's greatest radio engineers and RCA's vast resources can build . . . the result of a 7-year development of the Super-Heterodyne by the leader of the industry.

Wins Instant Success!

The new Radiola meets modern broadcasting conditions perfectly. The government has assigned to each broadcasting station a broadcasting channel of a standard 10-kilocycle width. The new Radiola is so expertly designed that it receives all of the program in the full width of the channel —no more—no less. Hence the remarkable tone quality, the startling realism, the exceptional freedom from overlapping, interference, noise, and distortion . . . no wonder that this is the fastest selling radio in RCA Radiola history!

Fascinating New Features

The new Radiola models offer all the latest features for home entertainment. The combination radio-phonograph model affords all the fun of home-recording—allows you to make actual records of your own voice!

Remote control enables you to change stations from your favorite chair! Tone color control permits you to adjust tone to suit your own taste!

Consider the Value!

Four years ago a Radiola Super-Heterodyne cost $570. Today you can have a far superior, infinitely more beautiful model for $142.50, less Radiotrons.

Prove these facts for yourself. See your Radiola dealer today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable musical instrument—the Radiola. Insist upon the RCA trademark—your guarantee of future satisfaction.

Set Illustrated: Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Model 80—screen-grid—9 tuned circuits—magnified, illuminated tuning dial accurately calibrated in kilocycles—improved volume control—local-distance switch—push-pull amplification—improved electro-dynamic speaker—handsome walnut veneer cabinet—$142.50, less Radiotrons. Also De Luxe Model and Radiola with electric phonograph, equipped with remote control, radio's ultimate convenience.

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